



THE SKETCH



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WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



AN OSWALD BIRLEY OF MRS. OSWALD BIRLEY: "RHODA."

Mr. Oswald Birley is one of the best known portrait-painters of the day, and is exhibiting a number of canvases at the twenty-eighth London Exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers at the Grafton Galleries, as

well as two pictures at the Royal Academy. The charming portrait which we reproduce above is catalogued as "Rhoda." It is, however, a portrait of the artist's wife. She was formerly Miss Pike, and was married in December 1921.

Photograph by courtesy of the Grafton Galleries. Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

The Coming Beard.

I have so many matters of urgent importance to discuss this week that I am not quite sure where to begin. Perhaps, however, the most important of all is this question of the beard.

You know, of course, that beards are going to be the fashion. The reason is that the wave of insanity which swept over the country at the conclusion of the war is ebbing, and we shall presently be submerged by a far greater wave of sanity. It is this second wave which will restore the beard to our faces.

Beards were abolished by women. Women do not like beards, because a man with a beard is an awe-inspiring creature; whilst a man without a beard has even less in the way of protective outworks than a woman—who, after all, makes a plentiful use of powder.

A beard inspires respect, even on the face of a villain. Very few bearded men get hanged. All churchwardens have beards. No statesman ever inspired such complete confidence throughout the Empire as the late Lord Salisbury. It was not the beard that did it, but the beard most certainly helped. If Joseph Chamberlain had not been clean-shaven the Premiership would have been his for the nodding. As it was, it went to a man with a moustache and side-whiskers. It is not too late for Mr. Austen to profit by this hint. Six months on the East Coast would do it. There is no air in England which produces a beard so quickly as the East Coast air. Everybody at Lowestoft has a beard, but you rarely see one at Brighton. You will, however.

Bearded Actors.

I do not wish to depress the actors. It is only convention that requires actors to be clean-shaven. When beards are being generally worn, even the heroes of West End comedies will wear them. Only this morning I received a photograph of an actor who is to play the leading part—a lover, of course—in a modern comedy. He is wearing a beard—not a shaggy beard which reaches to his waist, but a short, neatly trimmed beard. As I happen to be the author of the play, the photograph gave me, I admit, a slight shock; but I have propped it up on the mantelpiece in order that I may get used to it.

Nature, as all the world knows, intended men to wear beards. The reason is that the male throat is extremely delicate, and easily susceptible to cold. The female throat is not delicate; in fact, as compared with the

male, the female is an enormously strong creature. But that is another subject, and I cannot deal with it to-day. I must pass on to the other important matters I had in mind.

Fish-Bones.

This will not be a very long paragraph. But it will be one of vital importance to the human race.

I read an account the other day of a man who swallowed a false tooth. The tooth stuck in his throat. The man went to the doctor, who tried to remove the tooth, but failed.

Growing frantic at last, he decided to eat some bacon. The bacon made him sick, and—well, the tooth reappeared.

Which reminded me of my great discovery—a discovery which it is my solemn duty to make public.

One day at luncheon a fish-bone stuck in my throat. I began to choke. I tried all the usual methods for removing fish-bones, and they all failed. Then I had a bright idea. I gargled my throat in the ordinary way with cold water. Up came the fish-bone!

Did any doctor ever tell you to do that in similar circumstances? No. If he had, and the results were equally successful, would you have said he was the most wonderful doctor in the world? Yes.

A Coincidence. Here is a remarkable coincidence—nothing more.

Eleven years ago I happened to find myself at a small hotel on the south-east coast. There was only one waiter at this hotel, and he was less like a waiter than a lusty farm-hand who had been put through a little soldiering, and then stuffed, willy-nilly, into a dress-suit. A hearty fellow and very willing.

On taking my seat in the dining-room I examined the wine-list. And then I said to the waiter:

"There are two Burgundies on this list, one at three shillings and one at four. What is the difference?"

He looked at the wine-list, wrinkled his forehead, scratched his head, and dashed off to consult the manager. Presently he returned, beaming in the manner of one very sure of his ground.

"The difference, Sir, is one shilling."

That happened eleven years ago. Last week I read in an evening paper the following story, which is attributed to a Royal Prince.

"A few months ago he visited a canteen with some brother-officers. He expressed a desire to taste the beer on sale there, and was told that there were two classes of beer, sold respectively at fourpence and sixpence a glass.

"What is the difference?" inquired his Royal Highness.

"Twopence, Sir," came the

instant and emphatic reply."

I wonder if my waiter had found his way back to the Army? Stranger things have happened. He may have had the unpremeditated joke explained to him years ago, and been waiting all this time to crack it again. No wonder the reply was "instant and emphatic."



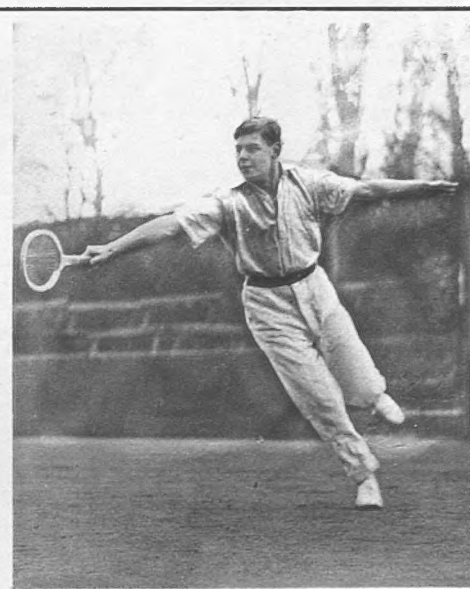
THE MARRIAGE OF A FAMOUS HISTORIAN'S DAUGHTER: CAPTAIN G. F. LENANTON AND HIS BRIDE, MISS CAROLA MARY ANIMA OMAN.

The marriage of Captain Gerald Foy Lenanton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lenanton, of Norfolk Lodge, Richmond Hill, to Miss Carola Mary Anima Oman, the daughter of Sir Charles Oman, M.P., the well-known historian, and Lady Oman, of Frewin Hall, Oxford, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of cream and gold brocade. Master Peter Stuart carried her train, and the bridesmaids were Miss Alison and Miss Morag MacLagan, Miss Gladys Lenanton, Miss May Wedderburn-Cannan, Miss G. Mortimer, Miss R. Gatehouse, and Miss Marion Allen.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

Several doctors tried to remove the tooth, and they all failed. The man was told to live on liquids for the rest of his days.

So the miserable wretch lived on liquids for years and years. For how many years I know not, having mislaid the cutting; and how he kept up his will to live at all I know not. But he did.

Coming Centre-Courters: New-Generation Players.



The boy who beat the ex-Junior Champion of Surrey; Mr. N. H. Latchford.



The miniature Suzanne Lenglen; Miss Betty Nuthall; aged 10.



A young player who is rapidly improving; Miss G. Sterry.

The doings of the boys and girls excited more comment than anything else at the Hard-Courts Lawn-Tennis Championships at Roehampton. Mr. N. Sharpe, for example, reached the semi-final in the boys' singles without having a single set scored against him. He is barely 16 years old. Young Mr. N. H. Latchford's defeat of Mr. E. A. Dearborn, the holder of the Junior Championship of Surrey, was a great surprise. He is eighteen months younger than Mr. Dearborn, and has improved

almost a class since last year. Miss Betty Nuthall, the smallest competitor, aged ten years, is, however, the most talked-of player. She is extremely self-possessed, and in her stroke play, which is delightfully stylish, she is a pocket edition of the famous Suzanne. In order to reach the semi-finals she had to defeat a girl twice her size, and several years her senior. Miss G. Sterry is another young player who is coming on well, and has developed a remarkably strong back hand.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY ALFIERI.

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."



The Private View at the Alpine Galleries.

According to that ardent Londoner, E. V. Lucas, Laura Knight's art grows better and better. What he admires about her work "apart altogether from the strength and vigour of her line, her genius for composition, and her sense of *chiaroscuro*, is her courage. It does not interest her to take the easy course; she prefers to surround herself with difficulties, and then revels in the joy of conquering them. She is always adventurous."

At the Alpine Galleries I found her, wearing a beige gown under a dark-blue coat, chatting with her numerous admirers, who crowded round her remarkably virile portraits—especially round the portrait of an unnamed lady in a black gown with multi-coloured embroideries.

Sir Francis and Lady Younghusband were there, and Lady Lumb; and among a great many that I recognised were Lady Courtney, Sir T. Arnold, Mr. Talmage (the new A.R.A.), and General Sir William Branker, the Air expert, who appeared much interested in some delightful scenes of the Cornish coast, and in the theatrical portraits of Pavlova.

Mrs. Knight has devoted much study, evidently, to Degas, and to Toulouse-Lautrec, though I doubt if even those masters could ever influence her to attempt to be anything but her own original self.

Comte A. de Chimay and Miss Brenda Hamilton.

Miss Brenda Hamilton's wedding to Comte Alphonse de Caraman-Chimay was a very quiet one last week at the Chelsea Register Office, and will be followed on the first of June by the religious ceremony—a most novel proceeding. Miss Hamilton is Lord and Lady Ernest Hamilton's elder daughter, and a granddaughter of the first Duke of Abercorn. Comte Alphonse de Caraman-Chimay is a son of Prince and Princesse Alphonse de Chimay of Chateau de Beauchamp, Belgium. He was in the Scots Guards for a while, and is only twenty-three years of age, and now lives in London.

Miss Hamilton wore a beige coat and skirt, with a becoming hat to match, and arrived at the register office with her parents, who signed the register. Her younger sister was married about two years ago to Sir Robert Jardine's only son, who is in the Diplomatic Service, and now, I think, in the Foreign Office.

Jane is delighted to hear of happy young marriages; but almost she begins to wonder if Dean Inge won't scold us more than

ever when he learns that there are actually 1336 divorce suits for the Easter sittings! Most of them are undefended. All the same, Jane refuses to shriek the names of the six titled ladies who find themselves in the list. Poor things—as though the horror

of it all were not enough without the newspapers licking their lips over petitions for restitution of conjugal rights—their only way of freeing themselves, probably, of what has long since been untold misery. And, however wise the Judge, or impartial, there is always infinite pathos in the publicity of these marital infidelities. No woman can enjoy such publicity. Indeed, and no man; and it all makes one feel very sure that only unbearable longing for peace at any price drives them to it. To a more obscure member of the middle classes it is bad enough. But at least the newspapers don't prolong her agony by publishing her profile and her full face as though she were wanted for murder or theft! In these democratic days, surely it does not concern the public whether baronets' wives are conspicuously unhappier

than the wives of briefless barristers; but if it is true that all Englishmen love a lord, it is certainly indisputable that all journalists dearly love the domestic upheavals of a lady! Dear brother-journalists! Can't we all do something to help dispel the illusion now dominant amongst the lower classes—the illusion that all Society is sinful and soulless and past hope? Why, even Mrs. Asquith (who loves holding a mirror to the social world) has just written to the *Times* expressing her opinion that what gives Mr. Hutchinson's famous novel, "If Winter Comes," true distinction is that in the hero, the author brings out the highest qualities of man: "tenderness, patience, and compassion." But Shane Leslie, with all an Irishman's cynicism, is certain the book owes its popularity to the fact that "to the majority Mark Sabre [the hero] must be what most sentimental good fools, living a dull business life, think they resemble."

I wonder how many of his public know that Shane Leslie is a first cousin of Mr. Winston Churchill. Lady Leslie (his mother) is, of course, a sister of the late Lady Randolph Churchill.

Lady Joan Capell and Mr. Osbert Peake.

Another summer wedding will be that of Lady Joan Capell to Mr. Osbert Peake. She is the gifted daughter of Adèle Lady Essex, and her constant companion both in England and on the Riviera.



1. Angela's ambition at the moment is to attend a levée, and it has occurred to her that a lady Alderman of the City of London would surely be able to be present. She proceeds to the nearest Town Hall to offer herself in this capacity.

She came out during the first year of the war, and was a great asset as a programme-seller at all the war matinées, and also recited beautifully at several. Her elder sister is one of the steadily growing number of unmarried daughters who prefer independence in a flat of their very own to more conventional life under the parental roof—another fashion started by the war, when girls necessarily lived and worked in all kinds of unchaperoned places.

The Royal Academy.

Chelsea has lived in a fever of excitement for the last fortnight, pending the opening of the Royal Academy. And now all the speculating is over, and the great world has gazed once more on the works of Mr. Augustus John, Sir John Lavery, Sir William Orpen, the Hon. John Collier, and all the rest. But Jane's own preferences must wait till next week. Mr. Richard Jack's large canvas depicting the brilliant scene at the altar in Westminster Abbey for the Royal wedding drew a great crowd—so great, indeed, that Jane saw positively nothing. The official picture by Mr. Frank Salisbury is not yet finished, and the tired artist has flown to Italy for a long rest.

A Dance Season.

There is talk of a State ball at Buckingham Palace later in the season. There is endless talk of the ball or balls to be given at Chesterfield House by Princess Mary. The



2. The gentleman in charge is most polite, and displays the Aldermanic robes with honest pride. Angela decides they would become her vastly—worn over a little Greek tunic (inset).

Duchess of Buccleuch is going to give a great ball for her lovely daughter, and there are countless lesser dances already arranged. Lady Oranmore and Browne is giving one on May 8 for her girl, Miss Kathleen Browne, one of the débutantes of the year. Lady Longford and Lady Dynevor are giving a joint dance at Lady Longford's house in

suddenly they heard a loud report. There on the bank a few yards away stood three live brigands firing straight at them! Fortunately, their aim was what schoolboys call "rotten," and the chauffeur did not lose his head, but drove on at full speed, while Lord Vernon pushed his wife down to the floor of the car and followed very promptly himself. A bullet whizzed past his face, however, and later they found several bullets embedded in the framework of the motor-car.

There is no explanation of the attack, but it is supposed that the brigands mistook Lord and Lady Vernon for people to whom they owed a private vendetta. Though the police searched the woods all round Vallombrosa, no clue was forthcoming. Lady Vernon showed no signs of fear at the time, but was considerably unnerved later, as seems most natural. Certainly no woman of to-day expects that kind of thing, even in Italy.

Miss Edwina Ashley.

Another important bride, and one of the greatest heiresses of the day, is due to arrive in England this week. Miss Edwina Ashley's engagement to Lord Louis Mountbatten took no one by surprise. The date of the wedding is not yet fixed, but it will most probably be during June or July, and will depend also on the plans of the Prince of Wales, as his Royal Highness is devoted to his young cousin, and is certain to wish to be present at his wedding.

The Prince, meanwhile, is enjoying himself as much as ever. At Miyanoshita he spent a strenuous day tramping long miles through the beautiful mountain lake country. We hear on all sides of the entire absence of formality that characterises this journey of Britain's Heir to the Throne. And on all sides we hear of his name being cheered to the echo even by quite remote foreigners who have no proprietary rights whatsoever.

It is natural that every member of the British Empire should love him. He is their own Prince—the living symbol of the England many of them have never seen, the most worthy representative of the youth and flower of a land their own youth have died for. But only his own strong and sunny nature could thus compel the entire world to hail him almost as a young god. No wonder we in London are growing impatient. We want him back again. We who love him not only for all that he stands for, but for his human self, have had anxious days, and it will be a relief to give vent to our pent-up feelings when his ship comes home.

Comings and Goings.

In London this week, all the houses in Mayfair and Belgravia are opening their windows again. The Duchess of Buccleuch has returned, with her two girls, from Bowhill, Selkirk, and the Duke is following in a day or two.

The Duke of Newcastle has returned from Clumber; Lord and Lady Lonsdale from South Africa; Lord and Lady Alldendale and their two girls are ready for the season at 144, Piccadilly; Lord and Lady Illingworth and Lady Bingham are back from the French Riviera; and Sir Theodore and Lady Brinckman from Biarritz.

And, talking of Biarritz, a letter tells of the end of a particularly jolly season there. Lady Antrim has just gone there from Paris—rather late for the French or English season, however, as now I hear only of a great gathering of Spaniards who prefer to have it to themselves after the English golf enthusiasts and the fashionable French have fled.

At Newmarket.

Even though the King's colt did not win the Two Thousand Guineas, the fact that Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles were present made Newmarket a jollier meeting than ever. The weather cleared soon after noon, and the Birdcage was more than usually animated,

everyone delighted to welcome Lord Lonsdale and Lord Coventry, one of the grand old gentlemen of the Turf. And Lord Jersey was there, and, of course, Lord Wolverton, walking about with Princess Mary; and Lord Queenborough (still better known, perhaps, as Mr. Almeric Paget) overjoyed at his great success.

For many years he has been keenly interested in racing, but it is only since 1918 that his own colours have become so distinguished on the race-course. He purchased a number of yearlings at the end of the war, and sent them to be trained at Clarehaven.

There is talk now, however, that St. Louis may find a formidable rival in his own stable companion, Re-echo (Sir Ernest Paget's colt) at Epsom.

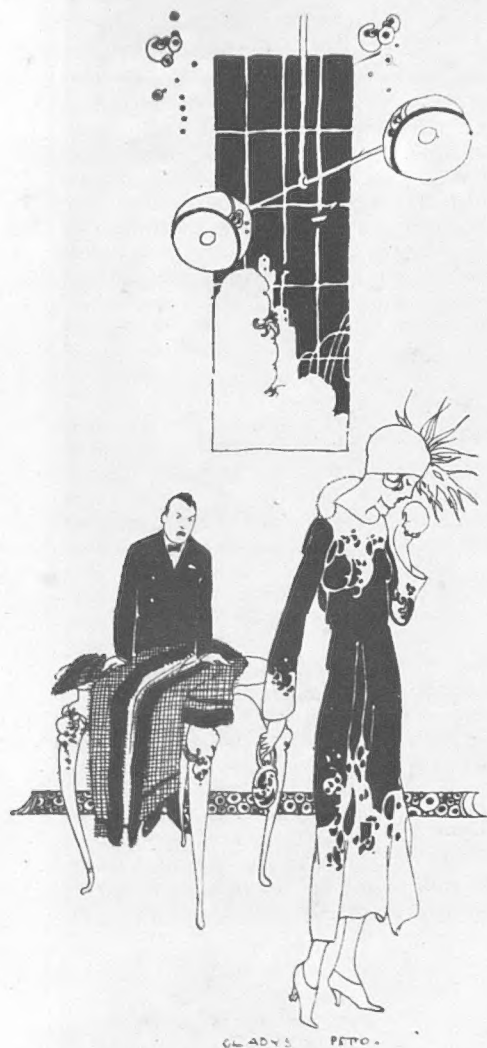
Polo Prospects.

Other fun last week was marred by the weather, and the polo-players from South America have had little chance for serious practice. But now that Major Peters' ground at Sudbury has been put at their disposal, we all hope soon to see good matches at Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton. We are sick unto death of seeing all our laurels carried overseas. The visit of the Argentines, however, will give a fillip to the coming season.

The team includes two Nelson brothers, nephews of Lady Nelson, so well known on the Turf here, and the mother of the present Duchess of Westminster.

Mr. Astell and Miss Crichton-Stuart.

Mr. and Mrs. James Crichton-Stuart's only child, Miss Joan Evelyn Crichton-Stuart, was married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on Wednesday, to Mr. Richard Astell, Lady De L'Isle and Dudley's son, and looked charming in her conventional white satin gown, with a full Court train of gold tissue surrounded by Brussels lace. Her Harriissii lilies and lilies-of-the-valley, and the white and yellow marguerites of the numerous bridesmaids completed a lovely picture. IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



3. But when she discovers that to attain this coveted honour one sits on the Board for years and years waiting an opportunity that may never come, she decides that this distinction is not for her, and retires crestfallen.

Portman Square. Lady Knaresborough and Lady Hawke are other dance hostesses; and probably the Duchess of Atholl will give a few little evening parties for her pretty débutante ward, whom she presented at the last evening party at Buckingham Palace. And Lady Curzon of Kedleston means to give several for her step-daughter, Lady Alexandra Curzon.

Then there are countless public balls for every charity under the sun, though the one at Dudley House on May 10 in aid of the Veterans' Fund will not now be graced by the presence of Princess Beatrice, who was to have acted as hostess. The chairman, Lady Alington, is sure to make a great success of it. She will be ably assisted by Mary Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Ely, Lady Headfort, Lady Bertie of Thame, Baroness Beaumont, Lady (Trevor) Dawson, and Lady Fulton, besides a great number of others who are actively interested in the Veterans' Association.

And then on May 18 Lady Cable is giving a dance at the Ritz in aid of Lady Barrington's Village Centre for Disabled ex-Service Men.

Lord Vernon and the Brigands.

A letter from Italy confirms the report that exciting mediæval things have been happening to Lord and Lady Vernon. On the steep, winding road to the summit of Consuma Pass, while motoring peacefully under an innocent blue sky,



4. And means, instead, to go to the next fancy-dress ball attired as a General. Unhappily, Aunt Babsie has copied this splendid plan, but Angela means to take her as a foil.

Town and Country: A Quartet of Weddings.



THE MARRIAGE OF THE HON. GRISELL COCHRANE-
BAILLIE AND LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER E. G. HASTINGS,
R.N.: THE WEDDING GROUP



MARRIED AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, SAVOY:
THE HON. FRANCIS N. CURZON
AND MRS. DUNVILLE.



MARRIED AT BROMPTON ORATORY:
THE HON. LOUIS FRENCH AND
MISS MARGARET ELEANOR KIRK.



MARRIED AT ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE: MR. R. J. V.
ASTELL AND MISS JOAN CRICHTON-STUART.



THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN J. WEDDERBURN-MAXWELL AND THE HON. ANNE CUNLIFFE:
THE WEDDING GROUP AT HEADLEY COURT.

The names in the Hastings-Cochrane-Baillie wedding group are, l. to r., Lord Lamington, father of the bride; the Hon. Enid Smith, bridesmaid; Lady Lamington; the bridegroom; the bride; the Hon. Victor Cochrane-Baillie; and the Misses Lillias Baird and Riette Nelson, bridesmaids. Miss Nelson is engaged to the Hon. Victor Cochrane-Baillie.—The Hon. Francis Curzon is the second surviving son of the late Lord Scarsdale. His bride, Mrs. Dunville, is the elder daughter of Captain Christian and Lady Jane Combe.—Mr. R. J. V. Astell is the son of the

late Mr. W. H. Astell and of Lady de L'Isle and Dudley. Miss Joan Crichton-Stuart is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Crichton-Stuart.—The Hon. Louis French is the son of the fourth Lord de Freyne and of Marie Lady de Freyne. Miss Kirk is the daughter of the late Captain Maurice Kirk and of Mrs. Barton.—Captain J. Wedderburn-Maxwell is the eldest son of the late Major J. Wedderburn-Maxwell. He married the Hon. Anne Cunliffe, daughter of the late Lord Cunliffe, at St. Mary's, Headley.—[Photographs by Alfieri, T.P.A., L.N.A., C.N.]

A Bride and Bridegroom of May.



TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY (MAY 3):
MR. GEORGE PHILIPPI,

The marriage arranged between Miss Elita de Bittencourt, younger daughter of Don Julio and Mme. de Bittencourt, to Mr. George Philippi, of Crawley Court, near Winchester, is fixed to take place very quietly



MISS ELITA DE BITTENCOURT AND
THE POLO PLAYER.

to-day, Wednesday, May 3, at St. James's Church, Spanish Place. The bride, who is a beautiful brunette, is the younger sister of the Countess of Lisburne; and the bridegroom is the well-known polo player.

The Kensington Canine Society's One Day Championship.



WITH HER PRIZE-WINNING HISTORIC PUSH AND GOOD WINE: MRS. R. G. P. WEDD.



WITH HER ALSATIAN, DUCHESS OF GROUSE HALL: MRS. GORDON FOSTER.



WITH MRS. H. BYRNE'S LITTER OF PEKINESE PUPS: MISS BYRNE.



WITH MRS. TRITTON'S MACNELLIE CHIN PAO AND MACNELLIE TING HAO: MISS OLIVE TRITTON.



HIS MAJESTY'S PRIZE-WINNING WOLVERTON DAN: THE CHAMPION DOG OF THE LABRADOR CLASS.



WITH DOA-WHA OF ALDERBOURNE AND HEFTY CHONG FOO: MISS C. ASHTON CROSS.



WITH HER ALSATIAN, KAZAN THE WOLFDog: MISS F. CHINNERY.



NOW ONE YEAR OLD: THE SMALLEST BLACK AND TAN IN THE WORLD.



WITH HER GREAT DANE, MAGPIE OF ETIRE: MRS. G. B. HUNTINGDON.

The Kensington Canine Society's one-day show at Holland Park was the doggy event of last week, and once more the Alsatian wolfhounds showed themselves to be the most popular breed of the moment, the entry of 331 being very substantial. The Peka still holds his popularity, too, for there were 259 entries of this breed, and Sealyhams took third place with

241, unless one groups the two kinds of fox-terriers together to make up the combined total of 287. Mrs. Quintin Dick judged the Labrador retrievers, and the King's Wolverton Dan won four firsts, and thus became champion dog in the Labrador class. Our page shows some of the canine aristocrats and their owners.—[Photographs by C.N., S. and G., and I.B.]

This Week's Studdy.



MEMORIES!

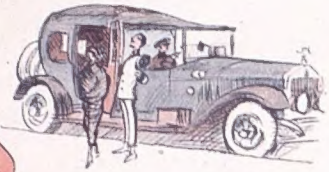
SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

On the Playa, at Pocitas.

A Match of the Season.—
A "Novio" walking out with his guarded flame is
quite a usual family sight on the Playa.



Uruguayan Taxis are of a size to suit
the most millionaire of patrons.



The wearing of a skirt is
enforced in both male and
female "Trajer de Baño"
although there is no
regulation as to size in
the case of the lady.



The Jockey Club is a centre
of a mass of flourishing
Sombreros.



The Chrysalis and the Butterfly.
Before bathing, ladies never remove the swathing folds of their Pelinador
until at the very edge of the waves — when for a moments space
the glories of a Deauville confection are revealed before
its allurement is again concealed from the admiring
Caballeros.

BRYAN DE GRINEAU —
POCITAS
URUGUAY



After the bathe the entire beach is given over to all forms of physical culture.

CABALLEROS AND "GUARDED FLAMES": SOUTH AMERICA AT THE SEASIDE.

Bryan de Grineau is still in South America, and while we have
been shivering and grousing through the chill days of an English
spring, he has been lazing on the Playa, or Plage, of Uruguayan
seaside resorts, and has sent us this page. Pocitas, which is

just on the opposite shore of the Plate River to Buenos Ayres,
is one of the most fashionable resorts of both the native
Argentine and Uruguayan folk, as well as of the vast English
population.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

A Bride of This Year.



FORMERLY THE HON. HELENA COVENTRY : VISCOUNTESS SANDON.

The marriage of the Hon. Helena Coventry, elder daughter of Viscount Deerhurst, to Viscount Sandon, son of the Earl of Harrowby, took place on January 31. The bride's father-in-law is descended from Sir Dudley Ryder, who was Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench 1754-6, and was

offered a peerage by the King on May 24, 1756, but died the following day, before the patent was completed; so his son became the first Baron Harrowby. From this incident derived the family motto—"The promise made to the ashes of my forefathers has been kept."

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

Good-Bye to Paddy After 872 Performances.



THE TOM-BOY HEROINE OF THE RECENT SAVOY SUCCESS: MISS PEGGY O'NEIL.

Miss Peggy O'Neil was in tears at the last night of "Paddy the Next Best Thing," at the Savoy, as she couldn't help regretting that she had played the tom-boy heroine of the late Gertrude Page's famous play for the last time, although the

piece has enjoyed a phenomenally long run, having been produced on February 24, 1920, and given 872 times! Her regrets were shared by many admirers, who are all waiting for her next appearance.—[*Photograph by Dorothy Wilding.*]



CLUBLAND CARICATURES: THE UNITED SERVICE.

The United Service Club is "descended" from the General Military Club, founded on May 31, 1815. This was opened to officers of the Navy on January 24, 1819, and on February 16 following the name of the United Service Club was adopted. The foundation stone of the original club-house in Charles Street was laid on March 1, 1817,

and ten years later the site in Pall Mall where the present club-house stands was obtained. Our artist has touched on the fact that special rooms were set apart for the entertainment of ladies as guests of members at lunch, tea, or dinner, in 1921, as he shows Commander S. B. Boyd-Richardson pointing the way for feminine guests.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH.



"LOVE'S AWAKENING," AT THE EMPIRE:
MISS JULIETTE AUTRAN AS THE COUNTESS
AND MR. EDOUARD LESTAN AS LORENZO.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"LOYALTIES"; AND "SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?" (ST. MARTIN'S).

One of the best Galsworthy plays, dealing with a theft case in high Society. Excellent characterisation and capital acting throughout, especially in the case of the two dual rôles, played by J. H. Roberts and Ben Field. Followed by Barrie's very amusing "unfinished" work.

"THE LADY OF THE ROSE" (DALY'S).

The best Daly piece since the war. Good music and, for a change, an interesting plot. Especially notable for a fine performance by Harry Welchman. Phyllis Dare and Huntley Wright at their best.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMER-SMITH).

Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser settings. "Revised" version, with songs originally omitted.

"ORPHANS OF THE STORM" (SCALA).

A Griffith film play of the French Revolution, of the very best type, convincing and exciting.



MISS MARJORIE GORDON AS TONIO, AND
MISS VERA PEARCE AS MARIETTA: "LOVE'S
AWAKENING," AT THE EMPIRE.

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD PLAYS.

1. "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAYHOUSE).
A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.
2. "AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).
Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"-coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.
3. "TONS OF MONEY" (SHAFTESBURY).
Very funny English farce. Ralph Lynn and Yvonne Arnaud first-rate.
4. "A TO Z" (PRINCE OF WALES'S).
On seeing this revue for a second time, we consider that it has earned new "placing" in our order of merit. We have pleasure, therefore, in including it in this division. It is in every way "a jolly good show."
5. "THE WHEEL" (APOLLO).
The triangle (Eternal, not Y.M.C.A.) in India. Picturesque and poignant drama. Brilliant acting by Phyllis Neilson-Terry.
6. "ROUND IN 50" (LONDON HIPPODROME).
Most amusing, and charmingly spectacular. A very modern sequel to Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days." George Robey at his best; and excellent work by Barry Lupino, Renée Reel, and others.
7. "THE BAT" (ST. JAMES'S).
A mass of familiar detective complications; with a mystery very well sustained.
8. "OTHER PEOPLE'S WORRIES" (COMEDY).
By R. C. Carton. Quite amusing. Miss Compton characteristic. Also Athene Seyler capital; and C. M. Lowne, Edmund Willard, Compton Courtis, and Forrester Harvey.
9. "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" (LONDON PAVILION).
C. B. Cochran's successful revue. Second attractive version.



"IF FOUR WALLS TOLD," AT THE ROYALTY:
JAN RYSING (MR. TRISTAN RAWSON) AND LIZ
(MISS EDYTH GOODALL) RECONCILED.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

- *1. "WINDOWS" (COURT).
Interesting and extremely well acted.
2. "POT LUCK" (VAUDEVILLE).
Revue *intime*.
3. "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN).
Musical comedy.
4. "IF FOUR WALLS TOLD" (ROYALTY).
Edyth Goodall.
- *5. "THE CARD-PLAYERS" (SAVOY).
Rather long; but well acted and well written.
6. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET).
A Barrie play.
7. "THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES" (GARRICK).
French farce.
8. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE).
A "Follyish" show.
9. "DECAMERON NIGHTS" (DRURY LANE).
Very beautiful spectacle.
10. "LOVE'S AWAKENING" (EMPIRE).
Good light opera.
11. THE GRAND GUIGNOL (LITTLE THEATRE).
New series of plays.
12. "MR. WU" (NEW).
Matheson Lang and Lillian Braithwaite in their original parts.
13. "MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE" (NEW OXFORD).
Revue magnificent.
14. "MR. PIM PASSES BY" (GLOBE).
A welcome revival.
15. "THE CURATE'S EGG" (AMBASSADORS).
Nelson Keys' Revue.
16. "HIS GIRL" (GAIETY).
Musical Comedy.
17. THE RUSSIAN BALLET (COVENT GARDEN).
Lopokova, Massine, and company; preceded by a film.

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments quite

worth seeing. None of these "mentions" is paid for. Productions too late for this list will be "placed" in our next number. We give the plays mentioned in the order of their merit according to our opinion. * First mention in our list.

Boccaccio as a Spectacle: "Decameron Nights."



CONDEMNED TO STAND UNDRAPED ON THE PIAZZA OF ST. MARK: LADY TEODORA (MISS GLADYS ANCRUM) SAVED BY AN ECLIPSE.



THE PAGEANT IN THE PALACE OF THE SOLDAN, DAMASCUS: THE "ENDLESS-STEPS" FINALE, WITH PERDITA (MISS WILETTE KERSHAW) AND SALADIN (MR. COWLEY WRIGHT) CENTRE.

"Decameron Nights," a Romantic Play in Three Acts, founded on Boccaccio, is the wonderful spectacle which has been chosen to open the newly decorated Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. For sheer splendour of production it is one of the most remarkable ever seen. Our upper photograph shows the scene in which the unhappy Lady Teodora is condemned to stand undraped on the Piazza di San

Marco. She has been falsely accused of infidelity to her husband, and is saved by an eclipse of the sun which intervenes to hide her shame. Torello d'Istria, Lady Teodora's husband (Mr. Hugh Buckler) is shown in the centre. The lower photograph illustrates the happy unravelling of all the lovers' troubles. In this scene all the characters march down the steps and disappear below.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

"Ole-Luk-Oie" and Colonel Summers. There can be no doubt that Major-General Swinton—"Ole-Luk-Oie," "Eye-Witness," and one of the

promoters of the use in modern war of the Tank: three separate and particular reasons why he deserves to be known to fame—is great good friends with that happy, cheerful warrior, Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Summers, D.S.O., D.S.C., who has joined the General in the work of organising the League of Taxpayers, which is bent upon bringing down the income tax and other taxes to a limit that is humanly bearable.

I was at the Complimentary Dinner at Prince's to Colonel Summers, given him to celebrate his retirement from the Appointments Branch of the Ministry of Labour—it is said that he found jobs for 23,000 ex-officers and men. The General and the Colonel sat side by side; and in making his speech, General Swinton, who writes and speaks so well because of his instinctive understanding of humanity, said two things which I shall remember.

He said that if Colonel Summers had been his superior in rank he was just the sort of officer he would have liked to serve under; and he said that with a significance that could be appreciated in full only by those who have been in close contact with the rigidity of Army etiquette. He also told how he set off to find the first men whose lot it would be to take the Tanks into action on the Somme.

The Summers Smile. "I went off," continued General Swinton, "to find some men of the Naval

Division who, I was told, were at Hammer-smith or some suburb—I forget now where it was—"

Colonel Summers whispered something, and the General bent down to listen.

"Oh, Whitechapel, was it?"

Colonel Summers whispered again, and this time the General laughed. "Oh, the White City, I beg your pardon. Yes, I remember it was the White City."

"Well," went on the General, resuming his speech, "I addressed these men, talked to them about the pride and glory that would be theirs in being pioneers in the use of a new weapon of war, said they would be sharers in the making of history, etc., told them that they would receive *is. 6d. a day*, and wound up by asking all men who would volunteer for this epoch-making service to take one step forward. *And not a man moved.*"

"I repeated that they would be paid *is. 6d. a day*. Still no man volunteered. Then I caught sight of Summers, a big smile on his face, and I knew something was wrong somewhere. There was. The men upon whom I had been wasting my eloquence were drawing from four to five shillings a day."

General Swinton introduced this story because previous speakers had referred to Colonel Summers's famous smile, which heartened many an out-of-work officer when first he made the Colonel's acquaintance at Horrex's Hotel, where jobs were sought.

But another side of Colonel Summers was told to us by a member of the working staff of the Appointments Branch, who got up to propose his health.

"Many times, in the early days, when the rush of applicants for employment was so great that things became chaotic enough



LEAVING BROMPTON PARISH CHURCH AFTER THE WEDDING: VISCOUNT HARDINGE.

Viscount Hardinge gave away his younger daughter, the Hon. Sybil Hardinge, at her wedding to the Hon. Hugh Douglas-Pennant, only surviving son of Lord and Lady Penrhyn. Other photographs will be found in another part of "The Sketch."

Photograph by G.P.U.



A FAMOUS COMEDIAN ATTENDS THE BURNS-McKENNA WEDDING: MR. LESLIE HENSON (CENTRE) AND MRS. HENSON (MISS MADGE SAUNDERS). Mr. Leslie Henson and his wife were among the guests at the wedding of the Hon. Emily Burns to Lieutenant-Commander Gerald McKenna, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Other photographs will be found in another part of "The Sketch."

Photograph by G.P.U.

for us to be referred to as the 'Disappointments Branch,' I went to the department half an hour, three-quarters of an hour, before I was due, just to try and get order into the work. But always Colonel Summers was there before me, hard at it. It wasn't his smile alone that made the department a success. It was solid, grinding work."

Miss Wilette Kershaw's Wig.

There was almost as much competition to get into Drury Lane for the *répétition générale* as there was for the famous first night, at which Princess Mary occupied the Royal box. I met one of the best-known ornaments of Clubland, a notable dandy, during an interval. He had field glasses with strap over his shoulder, and I asked him if he had come in from a race meeting. "No," he replied. "They told me the only place where I might find a seat was in the gallery. I had never been up there before, and Drury Lane is so large, I thought I had better come fully prepared."

It is a stupendous show. Even Drury Lane has never before put on such scenes. For his part, Mr. "Willy" Clarkson, the wig-maker, thinks he has played a chief part in Old Drury's success. The wig he made for Miss Wilette Kershaw has the longest tresses he has ever put on any wig.

The Enigma of the Ring.

However much he has disappointed, whatever his defects of temperament, there can be no doubt that Bombardier "Billy" Wells remains the most popular of all British prize-fighters. He came out again at the National Sporting Club after two years of inaction, proved that his box-office "pulling" powers show no sign of diminishing, beat Albert Lloyd, the Australian, in ten rounds—should have had Lloyd out three times before the towel was thrown into the ring—gave certain glimpses of high-class boxing at its very best, and, of course, several times made his loyal supporters fidget and fear lest he should throw victory away by some sudden, unaccountable attack of nervous indecision.

The amazing fondness for Wells, despite the number of times he has lamentably failed his followers when confronted with men not nearly in his own class, is, and always has been, one of the enigmas of modern sport. I can only put it down to our national instinct to feel for the supposedly weaker man.

The Bombardier's sentimental temperament, his hesitations, his lack of a dash of wicked wilfulness—all so unsuited to the fighting man—seem to have won him the eternal sympathy of everyone who goes to see boxing. He is the potential loser every time he goes into the ring, despite his almost invariable advantage in height, reach, weight, and pure skill. That, it seems to me, is why the crowd's sympathy is always with him, why the loyalty of his public has never wavered.

Jimmy Wilde Watches.

And when he is boxing confidently, what an object-lesson he gives, how other boxers study him! That little genius, Jimmy Wilde, was in a ring-side seat at Wells's latest

fight. In the earlier rounds he never took his eyes off the tall, elegant Bombardier, whose straight left shot out so easily and with such stinging accuracy, whose footwork and body control were those of the natural master of boxing. If only Wells had the fighting spirit of Wilde, or the steely temperament and concentration of "Kid" Lewis!

Portraiture-cum-Landscape: Munnings at the Academy.

"MRS. ROBERT
RANKIN AND HER
DAUGHTERS":
BY ALFRED
J. MUNNINGS, A.R.A.



"JOHN MOWBRAY ESQ.
EX-M.F.H. BEDALE,
AND HIS WIFE—
PRESENTATION
PORTRAIT": BY
ALFRED J. MUNNINGS
A.R.A.

This year's Academy contains some good examples of the style of portraiture-cum-landscape which Alfred J. Munnings has made his own. The two canvases which we reproduce on this page are excellent examples of

the style of the artist whose knowledge of hunting makes his out-door pictures delightful to the sportsman as well as the artist. Mr. Munnings is as successful with dogs of all breeds as with hounds and horses.

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The Lights of Paris.

As Fashion is the keynote of the Spring, Madame has been asked to write the article this week, and this is what she has to say.

Dress Battles. Two battles are raging in Paris at present. How many dresses ought a woman to order at a time and during the year? And shall she wear them long or short? Of course, opinions are divided. For the former we have husbands on one side and wives on the other. Men are inclined to put the figure too low, and women put it too high. In the centre we ought to have the dressmakers as arbiters. But they are not in the centre; they are on the side of women.

M. Poiret's Opinion. M. Paul Poiret, the famous dressmaker, is, for example, extremely lenient towards feminine coquetterie, and he gives husbands ground for meditation. In his opinion, no woman ought to be asked to economise—and with that we, the feminine folk, all agree. The intelligent husband must pride himself on making his wife beautiful—which means that he must buy for her luxurious, and numerous, clothes; for M. Poiret thinks that to be beautiful a woman has to be beautifully *parée*—which, I acknowledge, is not very flattering.

A Moderate Allowance. The best husband is the husband who knows how to deprive himself of a cocktail in order to bring home to his wife a bunch of violets—and increase his self-sacrifices in ratio with the bouquets and clothes wanted. He will have to deprive himself of many cocktails if he has to afford thirty to forty dresses in the year at 3000 francs apiece—without counting the coats and wraps! Ordering six or eight dresses at a time is no surprise for M. Poiret. It is the least that a woman can do if she has at all a position to keep up. He acknowledges that there are women who do not want so many; some who stay always at home can do with a *robe de chambre*! As for a wife of moderate means who has to go out sometimes, he allows that two tailor-mades, two afternoon frocks, two dinner dresses, one ball dress, one gala robe, a travelling coat, and an evening wrap are nearly sufficient.

Longer Skirts.

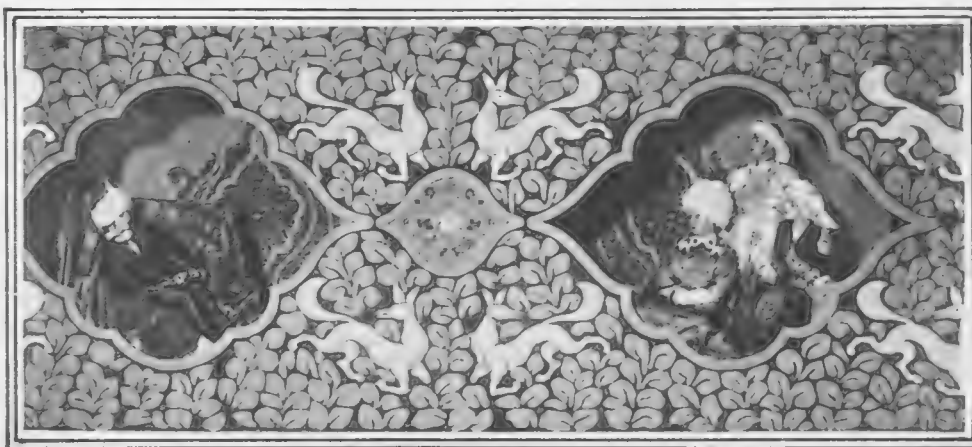
The second theme of Paris is the length-of-skirt problem. The dress-designers have decided that the short skirt is a thing of the past. They expect their decree to be accepted, and herein lies the struggle. The style generally seen in the Paris streets is a happy blending of long and short. Every fashion is disliked at first until the eye is accustomed to it, and then it looks charming. Parisiennes said they would stick to the comfortable short skirt; but—in spite of themselves, so to speak—they have added first half-an-inch and then more and more inches to their skirts. Dressmakers, actresses, are asked their opinion about this lively fight. Mlle.

Cécile Sorel, of the Théâtre Français, likes short skirts for the day, and long robes for the evening. Mme. Aurel, the well-known writer, declares herself faithful to the short dress worn with skin-coloured stockings. Mlle. Régina Camier, of the Nouveautés, is among the moderates. Ankle length is her choice. Longer, she says, it covers the feet; and feet—whatever their size—ought never to be covered; the present-day foot-garb is so nice! As for the very short skirt, it completely destroys the line.



OF THE THÉÂTRE FÉMINA, PARIS: MME. KOUSNEZOFF, THE RUSSIAN OPERATIC STAR.

Mme. Maria Kousnezoff, the Russian operatic star, has been having a big success with her Russian entertainments at the Théâtre Fémina. She is a sportswoman as well as an artist, and spends a good deal of time fencing.—[Photograph by G.P.A.]



L'ADORATION—EASTERN: ONE OF THE STRIKING SCENES FROM THE THÉÂTRE FÉMINA, PARIS.

The Russian entertainments which Mme. Maria Kousnezoff has been giving in Paris are among the most distinctive and beautiful ever seen. The costumes and *décor*s are by Bakst and Soudelkine, and all the items are short and strikingly artistic.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

Mlle. Fernande Cabanel.

The organiser of several artistic spectacles like "Arlequin" and "Sin" expresses the opinion that she does not follow *la mode*—she inspires it. Mlle. Fernande Cabanel claims the credit for the black-and-white craze and the monkey fur. She says she has always worn black and white, monkey, and long dresses which give so much elegance



to the silhouette. Her latest advice to her followers is to shave their eyebrows and paint them of the thickness and curve and colour that suit them best. As for red on the cheeks, every woman ought to avoid it; it is ugly!

Higher Waists. What is the line of the season? In all ages it has been the preoccupation of womenfolk. The waist-line has changed its place many times. After having been very high, it had come down so low that our ideas about the human body were all topsy-turvy. We have become more reasonable this spring; the waist-line is nearly where it ought to be. In any case, the silhouette is attractive, supple, easy, graceful. The aristocratic robes falling to the ankle, moderately *décolletées*, artistically draped, have come back. To adorn these new models the dressmakers had to search for something which had not the heaviness of fur, but had as much decorative value. They have had recourse to feathers, which are now treated in many manners.

Plastered Feathers. Collars of evening wraps are made of long supple ostrich plumes, or of superimposed fringes differently coloured, or of bands of marabout. Whatever is the device, the aspect is always pleasing. For millinery the latest invention is plastered feathers. The waving ostrich plumes as well as the hard *couleau* are dipped into a bath of plaster, from which they emerge crisp and dry, and looking more like leather than feather. Still, you cannot deny it looks smart on a morning hat.

Hats. The next best trimming for hats are flowers and fruit. The large hat as round as the moon and as enflowered as a garden is the most popular.

At the races, where the display of dresses was rather hindered by the chilly weather, every woman wore a new hat. They were mostly black—of straw, *crin*, or of a new lace made of straw. The note-colour came in the trimming, which generally consisted of a wreath of mixed flowers. A smart hat that I saw was of black straw, with the crown formed of bands of velvet of every colour of the rainbow, and tied in a bow on the side.

Black at the Races.

In spite of the efforts made to make women abandon black, many Parisiennes have been wearing black costumes at the races. The neat *tailleur* with a plain skirt and quilted jacket was much in evidence. The hip-length satin jackets trimmed in monkey-fur with a steel belt are much in favour. The new note is struck by the two-colour dresses. The most popular scheme is blue-and-red, but there is plenty of scope for the imagination of the colourist.

JEANNETTE.

East and West: Women Artists at the Academy.



"LUNG CH'ING AND THE BEGGAR
MAID":
BY DOROTHY W. HAWKSLEY.



"JUNE MORNING":
BY ANNA AIRY.

Our page gives reproductions of two pictures by women artists at the Academy. Miss Dorothy W. Hawksley gives a Chinese version of King Cophetua in her three-panel picture entitled "Lung Ch'ing and the Beggar

Maid," and Miss Anna Airy has chosen a sunlit bathing scene of the West for the subject of the picture we illustrate. The two canvases make a delightful contrast of East and West.

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LADY ROCKSAVAGE BY TWO PAINTERS, AND A



"THE COUNTESS OF ROCKSAVAGE AND HER SON":
BY CHARLES SIMS, R.A.



"VIVA":

The trio of Academy pictures reproduced on this page is specially interesting, as it shows how two different artists see the Countess of Rocksavage. One canvas is by Charles Sims, R.A., and the other by John Sargent, R.A., the famous artist whose portraits are now something of a rarity at the Academy, as he has been doing other work of recent years. This year's Academy, however, also contains a fine Sargent portrait group of "Some General Officers of the Great War," which has been resented to the National Portrait Gallery by Sir Abe Bailey, Bt. Lady Rocksavage is the wife

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JOHN: A STRIKING TRIO FROM THE ACADEMY.



AUGUSTUS E. JOHN, A.R.A.



"THE COUNTESS OF ROCKSAVAGE":
BY JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.

of the elder son of the Earl of Cholmondeley, and the sister of Sir Philip Sassoon. She was married in 1913, and has two sons (of whom the elder, Lord Malpas, was born in 1919) and one daughter, Lady Aline Cholmondeley, born in 1916. Augustus John, the famous modern painter, is exhibiting five pictures, all portraits. "Viva," which we reproduce, is a fine example of the inspired vigour of his work. The five pictures by John in this year's Academy are all portraits, and include paintings of George Bernard Shaw and Captain the Hon. Frederick Guest, M.P.

THE AFTER-EASTER AND BEFORE-MAY MARRIAGE



THE MARRIAGE OF AN OXFORD BLUE: MR. R. W. GANDAR DOWER AND HIS BRIDE, MISS JOAN WARNER.



THE DOUGLAS-PENNANT—HARDINGE WEDDING AT BROMPTON PARISH CHURCH: THREE OF THE BRIDESMAIDS.



AFTER THE CEREMONY: MR. GODFREY HOLDSWORTH AND HIS BRIDE, THE HON. ANDRINA WEIR.



THE MARRIAGE OF THE HON. EMILY BURNS AND LIEUT.-COM. G. M. MCKENNA: LORD INVERCLYDE ARRIVES WITH HIS SISTER.



VISCOUNT HARDINGE'S YOUNGER DAUGHTER THE BRIDE AND

Mr. R. W. Gandar Dower, the Oxford "Soccer" Blue and International, is the eldest surviving son of the late Mr. Wilson Gandar Dower, and of Mrs. Gandar Dower. His marriage to Miss Joan Warner, eldest daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. W. W. Warner, took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.—The Hon. Sybil Hardinge is the younger daughter of Viscount Hardinge, and the Hon. Hugh Douglas-Pennant is the only surviving son of Lord and Lady Penrhyn, of Wicken Park, Stony Stratford. Lord Hardinge gave his daughter away, and she was attended by her sister, the Hon. Ruby Hardinge; the bridegroom's sister, the Hon. Sybil Douglas-Pennant; Lady Barbara Bingham, Miss Joan Cobbold, and Miss Idina Myddleton; and two child bridesmaids—Miss Ivy Streatfeild and Miss Honor Meyrick. Her train was carried by Miss Sara Mansfield Clarke and Master Compton Domville.—

RUSH: SOME WEDDINGS OF SOCIAL INTEREST.



THE BURNS-McKENNA WEDDING: THE BRIDESMAIDS LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.



MARRIED AT ST. MARK'S, NORTH AUDLEY STREET: MR. GAVIN DAVID YOUNG AND MISS DAPHNE FORESTIER-WALKER.



MARRIES THE HON. HUGH DOUGLAS-PENNANT: BRIDEGROOM.



DISTRIBUTING WHITE HEATHER: ONE OF THE HON. SYBIL HARDINGE'S BRIDESMAIDS.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. MARGARET'S: LIEUT.-COMMANDER G. M. McKENNA, R.N., AND HIS BRIDE, THE HON. EMILY BURNS.

Lord Inverclyde gave away his sister, the Hon. Emily Burns, at her wedding to Lieutenant-Commander Gerald M. McKenna R.N., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore McKenna. The bridesmaids were Miss Jean Combe, Miss Helen Donald, Miss Joan Furnivall, Miss Bridget Hoare, Lady Phyllis King, Miss Robertson-Aikman, and Miss Kathleen Wendell.—Mr. Gavin David Young is the only son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. George Young, and grandson of the late Lord Ritchie. His bride, Miss Daphne Forestier-Walker, is the youngest daughter of Mr. Leolin Forestier-Walker, M.P., of Park House, Rhur-derin, Mon.—The Hon. Andrina Weir, who married Mr. Godfrey Holdsworth, M.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Holdsworth, of Dunedin, New Zealand, at Christ Church, Southgate, is the fourth daughter of Lord and Lady Inverforth. Her bridesmaids were two of her sisters, the Hon. Isabella and the Hon. Cora Weir.

L.N.A., Bassano, I.B., and Alfieri.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

Success? I seem to remember, in a vague sort of way, that somebody or other once wrote a novel called "Success." There is, of course, no copyright in titles, just as there is no copyright in ideas; but there is an unwritten law, still observed by decent writers in this country, against stealing your brother-workman's titles and ideas.

But for this unwritten law I fancy that Mr. John Owen might have called his new novel "Success?" Having been forestalled, he named it "The Idealist," which is not so interesting, and not nearly good enough for the book.

Nobody has ever yet been able to define success, and nobody ever will—except to his own satisfaction. "*Quot homines, quot sententiæ.*" I suppose the most popular idea of success is a great deal of money, invitations to the homes of dukes, earls, and viscounts, and your name in the paper every day. Anyway, that is the sort of success most people seem to strive for, and a huge number get. All right. Good hunting!

There is another sort of success which may be defined as the success of the specialist. This success does, I imagine, bring real satisfaction in its wake. Take, for example, the success of the man who determines to become plus four at golf. Here is a wonderful success which will bring him fame, adulation, and chased cups almost to the end of his days. Or the success of the cricketer who wins his international cap—and justifies it. Or the success of the intrepid climber who visits a peak on the Alps which no human being has previously mutilated.

Looking a little deeper into the matter, for complete success you must have, I take it, success of the mind as well as success, so to speak, of the body. If a man were completely healthy, completely independent, and had a perfectly clear conscience, would you call him successful? Yes, I think he might be called successful, though not "to his face." No man believes in his own success except a congenital idiot with a lop-sided head. The level-headed man knows so well his own limitations and the failures to realise his aspirations.

Is there such a thing as success in politics? Can you name one completely successful politician, either in the past or the present? I could not myself name one. I could name great statesmen, and men who have served their country nobly, but success in politics is a different matter. However bravely the stag runs, he will be pulled down at last. Every politician has his detractors, and their voices are heard long after he is nothing but a statue in badly shaped trousers.

Mr. John Owen, in a very able though somewhat "mannered" book, contrasts the careers of two rising young politicians. On the one hand you have Gilbert Dyke—clever, uninspired, ambitious, cold-blooded, cruel, ruthless, unscrupulous. On the other hand

you have James Weyman—poor, brilliant, eloquent, idealistic, Welsh, with all that that implies.

These two fellows our novelist pits one against the other, page by page and chapter by chapter. It is a genuine race for position and success. Now one forges ahead; then the other, by some effective short cut, easily



AS THE CAMERA SEES HER: MRS. LAURA KNIGHT, THE WELL-KNOWN ARTIST, WHO IS HOLDING AN EXHIBITION AT THE ALPINE CLUB GALLERY.—[Photograph by H. Walter Barnet.]

outdistances him. Think of a tortoise with the cunning of a serpent racing against a hare with the soul of an angel; there you have Gilbert Dyke and James Weyman.

Both fall in love—at any rate, the hare falls in love, and the tortoise has internal

spasms which suggest sexual emotion of some sort—with the same girl. That is a trite situation, no doubt, and I felt in reading the story that Dyke's affair with Anne Belstock was difficult to accept. I suppose I had formed too good an opinion of Anne.

Mr. Owen tells us that Anne was attracted by the scaly Dyke because he was a widower. He had married some unfortunate creature for her money, and the poor thing had died during the first year of the marriage. Is there anything attractive to the modern young girl in that? Even to an Anne Belstock? No; I don't believe it. I believe Mr. Owen had to find some abstruse and wholly subtle reason for Anne's tolerance of Dyke, and hit on that. I can't swallow it.

Weyman, of course, could have had Anne. They fell in love as boy and girl. They used to meet in a wood, and the wood belonged to Anne's father, who was rich and all that sort of thing. I liked all that. It seemed to me very well done. . . . However, I may be prejudiced. . . .

Weyman's proposal to this superior young party is another good thing in the book. They had never spoken of love. They had just looked, and been separated for long intervals, and suddenly met, and looked again. You know, of course, the way those things go. And then, when Weyman went to London for the first time in his life, he met Anne in the House of Commons, and offered to drive her home in a hansom-cab. (We are back at the time of the Boer War, by the way.) They drove until dusk, and then—

"She had scarcely framed the thought when something pushed roughly behind her. For a moment she hardly realised that it was an arm—that it was *his* arm—that he had drawn her to him, brutally, crushing her as if of purpose: his fingers gripped her arm as though he wanted to write his name in black upon it: and then his lips were upon hers, upon her cheeks, her hair, her shoulders—not tenderly, but savagely, with a wilful and significant cruelty. For a moment she had yielded to the swift thrill of it all: then she would have cried out but she feared that the trap would be flung open over her head and that that horrible driver. . . ."

Now, how did Mr. Owen remember for twenty years the incessant nuisance of the driver with his trap-door? How it all comes back to—*him*!

Scruples. All might have gone merrily as a muffin bell but for Weyman's soul. He was offered a seat on the Front Bench if he would support the action of the Government in making war on the Boers. (Or should one say "with the Boers"?). Weyman was in a state of heavenly delight until somebody sent him a parcel of books about the rights of small nations, and the Boers in particular. Who sent it? Was it Dyke? That would have been a splendid stroke of irony, because good old Crustacean Dyke, of course, was bright eye and glad hand with the Government. You bet.

Anyway, Weyman read all these books in one night, and became a pro-Boer. He made a scene in the House next day, Anne

[Continued overleaf.]



AS SHE SEES HERSELF: A SELF-PORTRAIT BY MRS. LAURA KNIGHT, A.R.W.S., R.B.C.

It is amusing to compare the photographic vision of Mrs. Laura Knight, shown at the top of this page, with her self-portrait now on exhibition at the Alpine Club Gallery. Mrs. Knight is the foremost woman artist of the day, and was one of the International Art Jury at the Carnegie Institute Exhibition, Pittsburgh, and the first woman from Europe to serve in this capacity. She is the wife of Mr. Harold Knight, the artist.

From the painting by Laura Knight; by courtesy of the Alpine Club Gallery; copyright strictly reserved by the artist.

The Earl Marshal with His Mother and Sisters.



THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, AND THE LADIES MARY, KATHERINE, AND WINIFRIDE FITZALAN-HOWARD.



PREMIER DUKE, EARL MARSHAL, AND CHIEF BUTLER OF ENGLAND: THE DUKE OF NORFOLK



THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK: LADY MARY FITZALAN-HOWARD.

The young Duke of Norfolk, who was born on May 30, 1908, and succeeded his father in 1917, is the sixteenth holder of the title, and is the Premier Duke and Earl, and Hereditary Earl Marshal and Chief Butler of England. He is descended from Sir John Howard, K.G., an eminent Yorkist who distinguished himself in the French wars of Henry VI. and was created Baron Howard in 1470, and in

1483 became Earl Marshal of England and Duke of Norfolk. The present Duchess of Norfolk, who is Baroness Herries in her own right, married the fifteenth Duke in 1904, and has one son, the present Duke, and three daughters—Lady Mary Rachel Fitzalan-Howard, born in 1905; Lady Katherine Mary Fitzalan-Howard, born in 1912; and Lady Winifride Alice Fitzalan-Howard, born in 1914.

(Continued.)

chucked him, his constituents threw him out and tried to kill him, and Dyke, the holothurian widower, got Anne—or would have got her had not Mr. Owen repented at the last moment and saved up Anne (or hints at it) for a new and far more glorious Weyman.

Literary Jerks. There, very roughly, is the story. The telling of it, as I have said, is mannered. I fancy that Mr. Owen is a keen admirer of Mr. Joseph Conrad—well, who could help it?—and has also taken stimulating doses of Mr. Wells, with a homœopathic nip or two of Henry James. The result is a strange jerkiness—the sort of monologue that goes on in your head when you are taking a lonely country walk. This sort of thing:

"And the thing was preposterous! Anybody would tell her that if she did not know it herself. He wasn't of her world. He was—what was it?—a bricklayer. If you looked you could tell things from those long fingers of his: there was a broken nail. . . . A man—if you wanted the experience—to allow to make love to you—but a man to marry? He wasn't the thing called—what was it?—gentleman."

You see what I mean? The style is—how shall one put it?—well, a trifle affected. By which I don't mean to imply . . . at any rate, not harshly. Because, you know, the book is really well written but for these . . . shall we say "little tricks"? Which, after all, are so easy. Yes, easy, and—not to mince matters—catching. You can do it yourself! But would you? I mean, would you hesitate about the word "gentleman," or the word "bricklayer"? Well, I mean, would you? Because they are not difficult words. . . . However. . . .

The Ugly Sister. Another character with whom Mr. Owen has taken great pains is Rhoda Dyke, the spinsterly ugly sister of Gilbert. She is meant to be sinister, intriguing, creepy, yet somewhat pathetic withal. She lives with her brother—after the death of the first wife—but hates and fears him. She cherishes

reduced portrait of Rhoda Dyke. For a while I could not remember of whom she reminded me, and then the name "Rosa Dartle" sprang into my mind. Didn't Rosa Dartle love Steerforth in much the same way? Let's have a look:

"I would trample on them all," she answered. 'I would have his house pulled down. I would have her branded on the face, drest in rags, and cast out in the streets to starve. If I had the power to sit in judgment on her, I would see it done. See it done? I would do it! I detest her. If I ever could reproach her with her infamous condition, I would go anywhere to do so. If I could hunt her to her grave, I would. If there was any word of comfort that would be a solace to her in her dying hour, and only I possessed it, I wouldn't part with it for life itself.'"

Thus the delightful Rosa Dartle to David Copperfield; and Rhoda Dyke—I have only just noticed the coincidence of the initials—reveals herself in much the same way to the gentle friend of James Weyman. Still, why drag in Dickens, the despised and rejected of our intellectuals?

Dyke Has His Doubts. Mr. Owen, at any rate, is not

afraid to be old-fashioned enough to point his moral. At the very end of the story, when Weyman, the idealistic fool, seems down and out, Dyke has his doubts:

"Yes, he began to be aware—even to be appalled—by that dim consciousness of those invisible forces that some called laws of the moral universe. As he did so—and at no other times had his vision been clearer—he recognised that these forces were invincible—he who once had frankly found them irrelevant to his concerns. It was these laws that governed the souls of men; and, with a fearful inevitableness, must they still defeat him. How to conciliate them? Would acknowledgment of their existence, of their

authority, suffice? Could he give more?" A book to put into the hands, as they say, of all young men in search of political honours. A leavening of idealists would not injure our House of Commons—or, for the matter of that, any department of public life.

A Filial Offering.

ness for detective

Mr. A. A. Milne is happy in the possession of a father who has a charming weakness for detective stories. But there are not enough detective stories to keep Mr. Milne senior fully satisfied, and his son has therefore written one which he calls "The Red House Mystery."

The publishers lay much stress on the difficulty of telling a detective story in a humorous way "without sacrificing any of its excitement." It may be as difficult as they say, but I know of an author who can do it with a pipe in his mouth and one hand in his pocket—namely, Mr. Victor Bridges. When Mr. Milne senior celebrates his next birthday—and I wish him any number of them—Mr. Milne junior might well present his sire with the works of Victor Bridges bound in full morocco.

We all admit that a detective story is fascinating so long as the author can keep you guessing. Unfortunately for myself, I have an unholy knack of guessing the cherished secret much too early in the game. It is my loss, of course. When Mr. Robert Ablett turned up, and Mr. Mark Ablett was not to be found, I knew at once I was home. And this happened on page 5!



THE ROMANCE OF A CAR BREAKDOWN: MISS NORAH BLANEY (OF BLANEY AND FARRAR) AND HER FIANCE, MR. PHILIP BRUCE DURHAM. Miss Norah Blaney, the clever singer who appears with Miss Gwen Farrar, and is one of the most popular numbers of "Pot Luck," at the Vaudeville, is engaged to Mr. Philip Bruce Durham, manager of "The Midnight Follies." The romance began as the result of an accident to Miss Blaney's car, as through the breakdown she met Mr. Durham.

Photograph by Tom Aitken.

The Great Traveller.

Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole must surely be the greatest traveller extant. The scenes of his stories, so far as I know them, are invariably laid in some wild, far-off part of the world.

"Men, Women, and Beasts" is his latest volume. The first lines of the very first story waft you in a trice to the back of beyond—"You remember those chaps the other day that started to hunt for a Megatherium in the Congo?—back of Tanganyika, I think it was. I was with Curtis three years before the war in one of his expeditions when we got on pretty much the same trail. . . . The Congo takes a big bend above Stanley Pool where it joins with the Kwa river."

Whisk! and we find ourselves in Batavia. "Here in Batavia, in the hot season, one does a lot of forgetting. . . ."

Whisk! "She got the surprise of her life when she heard I'd been in the Foreign Legion, which I was for one week in May 1914, managing to do a bunk and get back to the States."

Whisk! "I was back in Durban after a trek right up through Matabeleland to the falls of the Zambesi. . . ."

Whisk! "Reaching Sarawak, we put in to Igan, which is situated on a bend of the Rejang river. Between here and Muka we made our hunting-ground. . . ."

Whisk! "I met him at Seattle before the war. . . ."

Whisk! "I was with Beconi in Borneo. . . ."

Yes, I am convinced of it. Mr. Stacpoole is the Wandering Jew!

The Idealist. By John Owen. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Red House Mystery. By A. A. Milne. (Methuen; 6s. net.)

Men, Women, and Beasts. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)



TO LEAVE HER DIRECTOR-GENERALSHIP AND BECOME A STAR AGAIN: MISS MARY GARDEN.

The announcement that Miss Mary Garden intends to retire from her position as Director-General of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, and to resume her rôle as an opera star, was made last week. Miss Garden states that she is an artist, and has decided that her place is with the artists, and that the business of fighting the temperamental idiosyncrasies of other artists, especially of tenors, has worn down her strength.—(Photograph by Moffatt.)

a secret passion for Weyman, which she tries to disguise by reviling him on every possible public occasion. She has large feet, and ungainly limbs, and a craving for tea-shops and buttered buns.

All that sounds good, don't you think? But, of course, I have only given you a

The Wife of the New Governor of Bengal.



FORMERLY MISS PAMELA CHICHELE-PLOWDEN : THE COUNTESS OF LYTTON.

His Excellency the Earl of Lytton, the new Governor of Bengal, went out to India in the "Naldera" to take up his new appointment. The Countess of Lytton accompanied him, and stayed a week in Calcutta before going to Darjeeling, the summer headquarters of the Bengal

Government. Lady Lytton, who is the daughter of the late Sir Trevor John Chichele Chichele-Plowden, K.C.S.I., of Hazlehurst, Ore, Sussex, is a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England. She was married in 1902.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



Tales with a sting.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

By ERIC ESMOND.

"PREPOSTEROUS piffle!" exclaimed Sir Jasper Seaton, J.P., throwing himself back in the club arm-chair and regarding his nephew sternly. "You've been talking for fifteen minutes, Valentine, and everything you have said has, to a man of the world like myself, been almost painful to listen to. Your suggestion, in brief, is that I, as senior trustee of your late father's estate, should agree to your drawing another £300 a year of the money he left in trust for you in order that you may marry a revue girl, and then, at the age of thirty, retire with her to a cottage in the country. Retire, indeed! Why, you have never done a day's work since you left school some twelve years ago."

"That's hardly my fault, uncle," replied Valentine soothingly. "Nobody ever offered me any work except yourself, and that was only to go into your iron foundry. It sounds such a silly occupation to be a founder—or funder, I don't know which you call it—of iron. Besides, one can't give one's friends a lump of iron as a Christmas present. Now if you'd only offered me a post in a distillery!"

"It may surprise you to learn that one doesn't go into business in order to give one's friends Christmas presents of the commodity one produces," replied Sir Jasper severely. "What one does is to try and sell it."

But surely whisky is easier to sell than iron, uncle?" inquired Valentine meekly.

Sir Jasper snorted. "There are times when I feel very thankful that you didn't accept my offer," he said. "This discussion of your misspent career is most distasteful to me. Your father was a fine man and a pillar of commerce; it is perhaps as well that he didn't live to see his son grow up. Where you inherit your love of low society and total lack of ambition from is a mystery."

"I hate to hear you talk like that, uncle; and, besides, it isn't true. I belong to two of the best clubs in Soho, and have spent the whole afternoon telling you that I have a great ambition—namely, to get you to let me have another £300 a year of what, after all, is my own money, so that I can marry Billie and settle down in the country. 'Where every prospect pleases and only work is vile,' as Heber puts it. Will you think it over, uncle?"

Certainly not. I wonder you are not too proud to ask me. A man with no sons of his own wants to see his only nephew do something in the world—be somebody. You take no pride in anything. I wonder," he went on, glancing at the Old Harrovian tie Valentine was wearing, "that you are even proud of having been to Harrow."

"I'm not. The only reason I wear the colours is to prove to the world that I wasn't at Eton."

Sir Jasper rose to his feet in disgust. "I think we will call this interview at an end," he said. "Your aunt will expect you at our hotel for dinner at seven-thirty. I shan't be back till half-past eleven or so myself—these City banquets are long affairs, you know. You might take your aunt to the Folly; they generally have something amusing on there."

He drew a five-pound note from his case with a show of affability. "I suppose you could get a couple of good seats with this?"

"I think I can, uncle," replied Valentine, pocketing the fiver, and recollecting that the show at the Folly was a failure, and the business manager an old and obliging friend.

"Well, good-bye, my boy; I am sorry I can't accede to your request. The best advice I can give you is to work and make sufficient money for your needs; then you can buy your cottage in the country and lie about and do nothing to your heart's content, though why a healthy young man of your age should want to lead the life of a glow-worm is beyond me."

"Even glow-worms have a good time according to their 'lights,' uncle," murmured Valentine.

Having arranged with his friend the manager at the Folly for two complimentary seats, and feeling the need of some congenial society prior to what promised to be a singularly tame evening, Valentine decided to call upon Olive Beresford, whom he had known in the days when she was in the beauty chorus. She was still beautiful, but no longer in the chorus. The door of No. 10, Sable Mansions was opened by a French maid, who ushered him into the drawing-room, where he discovered the fair Olive reclining upon a divan, smoking a Gold Flake, and reading Mrs. de Wentworth James's latest novel.

"Hello, Val," she exclaimed, laying aside the book, "how's Billie, and what's the news generally? You look about as cheerful as an overworked coroner with an unfaithful wife."

"Yes; and I feel about as cheerful as an overworked coroner with two unfaithful wives," replied Valentine bitterly. "Billie's out on the road playing lead in a rotten revue called 'That'll be Ninepence.' I'm stuck in town on my own, and have just had a most stinking interview with my uncle. He doesn't want me to marry Billie, and won't give me any money."

"Mean old swine!" said Olive sympathetically. "What's his trouble?"

"Oh, God knows. Don't let's talk about him. How are things with you these days?"

"Fine. I have had over a thousand pounds in the last four weeks."

"What does this old boy of yours make his money out of? He seems to have plenty of it."

"Cotton, I think. He comes from Manchester, and rejoices in the name of John Smith. Didn't I introduce you to him one night soon after I first met him?"

"Don't remember it. What's he like?"

"Exactly what you'd expect a man named Smith, who has plenty of money, and lives in Manchester, would be like. I don't see much of him; he only comes to London once or twice a month. He wants to finance a show for me, because, he says, it looks bad for me to be spending so much money and not working. Can you beat it? He says that if I were playing a good part everyone would think I was earning a good salary."

"Well, there's a lot of sense in that."

"Yes, but I can't be bothered. When I tell him that I prefer to do nothing he gets hopping mad and says, 'Have you no ambition, my child? Want to retire at your age? Never heard of such a thing; try and do something in life.'"

Valentine stared at her in amazement. "Is that a good imitation of your Mr. John Smith," he asked eagerly.

"Of course it is—my impersonations are always true to life; why, I believe that the only thing that makes John keen on me is the perfect imitation I do of Harry Weldon."

"I don't think that," said Valentine, "otherwise he would have given the thousand

pounds you mentioned to Harry Weldon direct. Are you sure that John Smith's name is really John Smith?"

"One can't be sure of anything nowadays, Val. He was introduced to me at Murray's as John Smith, and signs his cheques in that name."

"Tell me, is he tall, with rather a red, clean-shaven face and grey hair?"

"Yes—you do know him then?"

"When are you expecting to see him again?"

"He's coming here to dinner to-night."

Valentine rose slowly from his chair. "Well, well, boys will be boys," he said. "I must be toddling along now, old thing."

"But why the hurry, and what's all this mystery about John?"

"Oh, nothing, dear child, nothing, only I thought for the moment I knew him; it's my mistake."

At eleven o'clock that night Valentine, having deposited his aunt safely at her hotel in Dover Street, hastened up the stairs of Sable Mansions with the acute realisation that it was now or never.

At the threshold of No. 10 he received his first shock, and the sight that met his gaze made him feel that the fates were indeed with him, for, by all that was wonderful, the key of the front door was projecting invitingly from the lock. Valentine almost heard the £300 a year rustling in his pocket, and in another moment he was in the hall and, turning the handle of the sitting-room door, stepped boldly into the room.

Olive, who was sitting in an armchair facing the door, sprang to her feet.

"Good heavens, Val," she cried, "how on earth did you get in?"

As she spoke a man rose from the armchair on the opposite side of the fire, and turned fiercely upon him. "What the devil is the meaning of this intrusion?" he demanded.

Valentine stood mutely staring at him. He was a tall, powerfully built man, with slightly grey hair and clean-shaven, but beyond this he bore no possible resemblance to Sir Jasper Seaton.

"Now, John dear, there's nothing to get angry about," said Olive soothingly. "This is Mr. Valentine Seaton—I thought you knew one another."

"Well, we don't. I've never seen this young man in my life, and I want to know how he comes to have the key of your flat."

"Let me explain then," began Valentine, trying hard to pull himself together. "I came round here to-night with a message for Olive, and to my surprise found that the key had been left in the front door."

"That's a lie," exclaimed John Smith. "The key was not in the door; I took it out myself."

"Pardon me, but I say it was."

"Then I say you are a liar."

Valentine clenched his fists. "If you don't withdraw that remark—" he began; but the sentence was never finished, for John's fist shot out, catching him full in the face, and the blow, dealt with some fifteen stone behind it, sent Valentine sprawling upon his back. Now, though Valentine had been caught unawares, he was no novice at the game on hand and, having taken a breather, proceeded to climb slowly to his feet with a watchful eye upon his opponent, who stood in pugilistic attitude waiting for him to

[Continued on page 2.]

A Member of a Great Conservative Family.



FORMERLY MISS ELIZABETH VERE CAVENDISH: VISCOUNTESS CRANBORNE.

Viscountess Cranborne is the wife of the elder son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury, and the daughter of the Rt. Hon. Lord Richard Frederick Cavendish, P.C., C.M.G., brother of the Duke of Devonshire. She was married in 1915, and has two sons—the Hon. Robert Edward

Peter and the Hon. Michael Charles James Gascoyne-Cecil, born respectively in 1916 and 1918. Lord and Lady Cranborne have a town house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, as well as their country house, The Manor House, Cranborne, Dorset.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY LEO KLIN.

A Screen Star from Scandinavia.



THE VERY SPIRIT OF YOUTH: MISS SEGRID HOLMQUIST.

The blonde Scandinavian type of beauty is one peculiarly well adapted to the screen, and a number of famous movie stars have come from Norway and Sweden. Miss Segrid Holmquist is a good example of Northern loveliness, and is known as the Mary Pickford of Scandinavia,

as, like the famous American cinema actress, she has the gift of putting back the clock and appearing on the screen as a baby girl. Our photograph shows her in a Cinderella-like pose in which she typifies the spirit of youth.

The New Coloratura Soprano from Russia.



HEARD AT THE LONDON COLISEUM LAST WEEK: MME. VERA LAVROVA (BARONESS ROYCE-GARRETT).

Mme. Vera Lavrova, who is in private life Baroness Royce-Garrett, is the new Russian singer who was heard last week on the stage

of the London Coliseum. She is remarkable for her interesting musical interpretations as well as for her beautiful voice.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

A Chief of the Co.'s: Davy "Manifests."



HOBBIES—CONJURING AND INTRODUCING HIS ANCESTORS: MR. DAVY BURNABY, OF THE CO-OPTIMISTS.

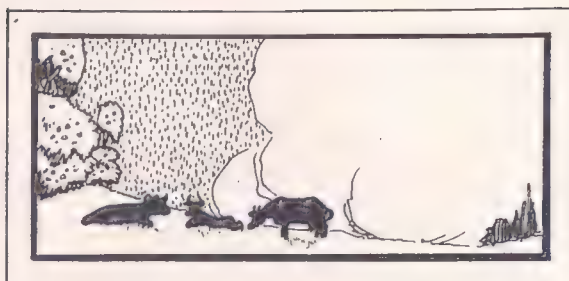
Mr. Burnaby is one of the most genial of the Co-Optimists, whose third show is such a well-deserved success at the Palace Theatre. He is seen more especially in "An Equestrian Interlude," "Operatic

Fishing," and "The Co-Communists." Further, he figures as a part-author of the entertainment. Our artist has pictured him at home, surrounded by Burnabys and "bamboozlers"!

CARICATURE DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. H. HARRIS.



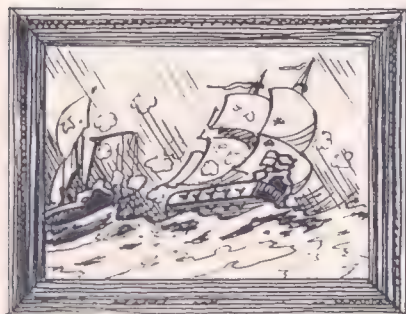
"Portrait of a Lady"



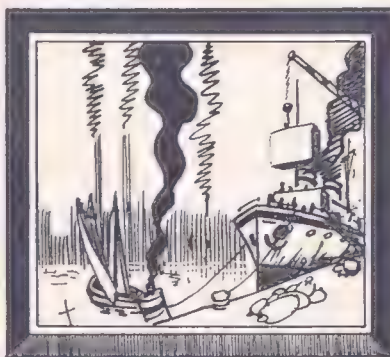
Cows in a Field — entitled "April."



Sheep and Shepherd:
"Homeward"



at least one thrilling sea
fight.



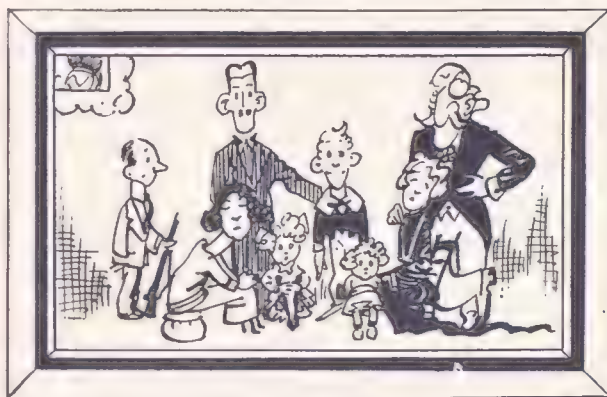
And talking of ships, a
scene at one of the busier
ports



Problem Picture—Title:
What! (or, A Narrow Squeak)



A Picture of the
Year!



A Family Group:
The Faithfull-Boares.



Roman Scene—
Complete with Dove.



Portrait of a
Subaltern in the
R.A.F.



Of the More Modern School,—
to Content its Followers!



In the Sculpture Room:
"The Sacrifice,"
equally well named
"Fed up," or
"The Fallen Blouse"

D'EGVILLE

ACADEMY PICTURES WE NEVER MISS!

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.

Plays — Without Prejudice.

ON A MUSIC-HALL AT MADRID.

Obituary. The Jeremiahs of contemporary criticism are perpetually lamenting the alleged death of the music-hall. But, in spite of voluminous obituary notices and an abundance of *crêpe* (no flowers, by request), one is sometimes a shade inclined to doubt the genuineness of the demise. Because there is a good deal of sound critical sense contained in that prefatory conversation in "Mayfair and Montmartre," which none of you hear because you are all far, far too busy shouting the numbers of your seats to the young lady with the programmes, and unwinding from your manly throats the vegetable silk muffler which She gave you for the birthday before last (the last time, you remember, it was cigars—but never, as Mr. Lloyd George says, again!).

Greatly Exaggerated. And one doubts the extinction of the music-hall, because it satisfies a genuine human need. One wants sometimes an evening's entertainment which shall be thoroughly inconsecutive and amuse the mind without putting upon it the faintest suspicion of that strain which is inseparable from a plot and characters on the stage. So you get, by a natural impulse, *Varieties*. And it doesn't much matter whether you call it the music-hall or a revue, or musical comedy, or "Cairo." So long as the entertainment deprives you of the power (or necessity) of thought, whilst giving gentle employment to your capacity for sight and hearing, that is *Varieties*, by whatever name they smell.

On the Continent. Abroad they make no bones about it. In Paris—which, after all, is where *Revue* comes from—inconsecutiveness is carried to

a fine art. And in Madrid you will find, if you can get through the Spanish Customs, the old, old music-hall almost *à la manière de 1880*. But mercifully without the chairman and those horrid little shelves, with rings on them made by the damp underneath of glasses. If you go up the hill to the Teatro Romea, you will meet the simple variety entertainment of your forefathers performed to a cheerful family audience of non-smokers (the one blot on the performance) at three pesetas a stall. And you may even, if you are clever, discover Mr. Cochran looking for talent. Because the Spanish stage is where all our dancers come from.

Isabelita Ruiz. And sometimes it is uncommonly good for them to go back to it for a spell. One remembers Isabelita Ruiz in London as a mildly entertaining young lady in an Andalusian hat. But you see her dancing in Spain, and you will find a tragic actress, a *comédienne*, and a ballerina rolled into one stamping, wriggling, castanet-clicking young person, with queer eyes which slowly kindle with amusement and tilted elbows in the traditional Spanish manner. The change was quite extraordinary, and as one watched her, one felt the strongest of hopes for her speedy return to London, and registered the most imperishable of vows to go and see her before the effect of Spain has worn off and she becomes once more the genteel substitute for Spanish dancing which is all that the chilly North can generally see under a tall comb and a black mantilla.

Applause and— She was really a revelation of dramatic and dancing (no, nothing will induce me to write the detestable word "choreographic") art. And she was the *clou* of a Spanish evening, cheered

by a large and cheerful audience which, earlier in the programme, had expressed its views of other less fortunate ladies by loud, discourteous sibilations. The bill was made up, as their way is, of five minor turns and a star. The star was Señorita Ruiz, and the minor turns also ran. But they ran in a mode that was particularly interesting to the foreigner. Because they consisted so very largely of intensely national young persons in shawls and combs singing intensely national songs to the obvious enjoyment of everybody in the house. The debased international currency of American vaudeville—the nigger music, the incomprehensible nasal jokes, the toothy smile—has hardly begun to circulate

south of the Pyrenees, and a Spanish audience is content to listen to Spanish songs. One could wish to find the same phenomenon in London.

The National Note. Yet here and in Paris you will not find an urban audience sitting in respectful silence whilst a singer in national costume gets through a strictly national song. One



THE FILM KING AND A REVUE QUEEN AT THE ST. DUNSTON'S BALL: MR. D. W. GRIFFITH AND Mlle. ALICE DELYSIA.

Mlle. Alice Delysia, who is having such a big success in "Mayfair and Montmartre" at the New Oxford, was one of the stage celebrities who attended the ball at the Grafton Galleries in aid of St. Dunstan's after-care work for blinded soldiers and sailors. Mr. D. W. Griffith, the famous film producer—of "Birth of a Nation," "Way Down East," and "Orphans of the Storm" fame—is shown with her.—[Photograph by Photographia.]

has never heard "John Peel" in a London music-hall. But Spain is more (or is it less?) self-conscious, and can listen happily to an endless procession of young ladies in combs and mantillas singing songs cut out on a uniform pattern of wailing minor and queer, jerky time. And that is what you will find in every music-hall in Spain. Which is the reason why so much of the talent that amuses us jaded barbarians of the North comes from here. Because they do their particular job as well as it can possibly be done. And as their job is the presentation of a set of national characteristics in which we are all of us intensely interested, there is a steady demand for each and all of them to come and do it over here. We, unfortunately, pretend that we do not own national characteristics suitable for the stage. That is why we are compelled to call in the dancers and entertainers of other nations.



THE CO-OPTIMIST AUCTIONEER, AT THE ST. DUNSTON'S BALL: MR. DAVY BURNABY SELLS A DRESS.

Mr. Davy Burnaby, of the Co-Optimists, acted as auctioneer at the Grafton Galleries St. Dunstan's Ball, held last week. Our photograph shows him knocking down the dress presented by Lucile, which was charmingly displayed by Miss Hildred.—[Photograph by Photographia.]

The National Opera at Covent Garden: Who's Who.



TO TAKE PART IN "THE RING":
MR. ROBERT RADFORD.



SINGING MAGDALENA IN "THE MASTER
SINGERS": MISS EDITH CLEGG.



A DIRECTOR WHO IS SINGING:
MR. NORMAN ALLIN.



A WELL-KNOWN SOPRANO:
MISS ANNA LINDSEY.



ONE OF THE DIRECTORS: MISS AGNES NICHOLLS, WHO WILL
BE HEARD IN "THE RING."



A SOPRANO FROM MONTREAL:
MISS SARAH FISCHER.



ONE OF THE TENORS:
MR. ARTHUR JORDAN.



REAPPEARING IN GRAND
OPERA: MISS MAGGIE TEYTE.



THE FAMOUS CONDUCTOR:
MR. ALBERT COATES.



A DIRECTOR WHO WILL SING IN "THE
RING": MR. WALTER HYDE.



ONE OF THE CONDUCTORS:
MR. EUGENE GOOSSENS.



SINGING AMFORTAS IN "PARSIFAL":
MR. HERBERT HEYNER.

The first London season of the British National Opera Company, successors to the Sir Thomas Beecham Company, opened on Monday last, May 1, and promises to prove a great success. The programme which the National Opera offers includes at least two full cycles of "The Ring," which has not been heard in London for eight years in its entirety, and several performances of "Parsifal," as well as the presentation of three or four operas—notably "Tristan and Isolde," "The Magic Flute," and "Madame Butterfly"—in an entirely new and original setting designed for the company by Mr. Oliver Bernard. The season will be under Royal

patronage, as the King and Queen and Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles have expressed their intention of attending certain performances. The conductors for this season are Messrs. Albert Coates, Eugene Goossens, Aylmer Buesst, Percy Pitt, Julius Harrison, and Herbert Withers; and the artists include Mme. Kirkby Lunn, who will sing Kundry in "Parsifal"; Mr. Clarence Whitehill, who with Van Rooy has the reputation of being the finest Wotan ever heard in England; Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Maggie Teyte, and a number of first-rate artists, some of whom are shown on our page.—[Photographs by Strauss-Peyton, Vandyk, and Sydney J. Loeb.]

Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

Royal Motor Meeting.

Although quite a number of Society folk attend Brooklands motor race meetings, the chroniclers of social doings have never heeded their presence in their columns, though, as Count Zborowski and Sir Algernon Lee Guinness used to say, it costs as much to run a racing motor-car as a thoroughbred in training for the Turf events. However, I expect that, as the Duke of York is the patron and will be present at the Essex Motor Club



SIR HARRY LAUDER AS A WEDDING GUEST: ARRIVING AT THE HOLDSWORTH-WEIR MARRIAGE.

Sir Harry Lauder, the famous Scottish comedian, was among the guests at the marriage of Mr. Godfrey Holdsworth, M.C., and the Hon. Emily Burns, sister of Lord Inverclyde. Our snapshot shows him arriving at the church by car. Other photographs of the wedding will be found in another part of "The Sketch."

Photograph by Sport and General.

race meeting at Brooklands on Saturday, May 20, together with many other prominent personages, matters will change in this respect. This Royal motor meeting, as its organisers style it, is for the estimable purpose of benefiting the funds of the Middlesex Hospital and the Industrial Welfare Society, and the total proceeds will be handed over after deduction of the bare working expenses. A very fine programme has been arranged of six car events and three motor-cycle races; and the Chairman of the Appeal Committee for the funds, the Earl of Athlone, hopes that the public will buy as many admission tickets before the day as possible. Also those buying such tickets will have the additional advantage of owning the winning number that will provide them, without any extra charge, with a valuable free gift—a 4-h.p. Harley-Davidson motor-cycle, kindly presented by Mr. Duncan Watson, of the Essex Motor Club. Everybody likes a sporting chance of being on something for nothing, so I expect Mr. A. George Reynolds, the Hon. Sec. of the meeting, will find the demand for tickets at five shillings a time "long and strong." I hear also that several extra-special "hot" cars are being trained on for this meeting that will surprise even old habitués of the Weybridge track, so keen are the racing motoring world to be possessors of the special gold, silver, and bronze medals awarded to the winners at this meeting. Visitors are sure, therefore, of seeing excellent racing—foot down all the way—from half-past one, when the meeting starts, to its finish.

Isle of Man Prospects.

As a preliminary canter for the Tourist Trophy motor-cycle races in the Isle of Man on May 31 and June 2, the British Motor-Cycle Racing Club are holding their

second members' meeting at Brooklands on May 6, starting at 2 p.m., with events for machines of the same classes as will be competing in the island of tailless felines. As for the motor-car races for their Tourist Trophies for "3 litre" and "1½ litre" cars, Mr. Louis Coatalen told me last week that the small Sunbeam team of three cars will not run, as he cannot find the drivers now both these races are to be competed for on the same day—June 22—and run off together. The

"padre" was quite distressed in disappointing the public, but the big three-litre car drivers who were going to pilot both the small and the large racers cannot, of course, do this now, though, when the one race was to have been held on June 20 and the other on June 22, they could have managed it. This will now leave three teams, the Bentley, Sunbeam, and Vauxhall—nine cars in all—to fight out the battle for the big race; and thirteen of the 1500 c.c. cars for the other trophy. Anyway, it will be an inspiring sight for those who go over to Manxland to watch the twenty-two all hustling round the road course together, big and little. Some folk think some of the smaller fry will put up as big a road average for the race as the bigger fish. Well, we shall see what wins in due course; but, after the wonderful performance of the Talbot-Darracqs in Grand Prix, anything might

happen.

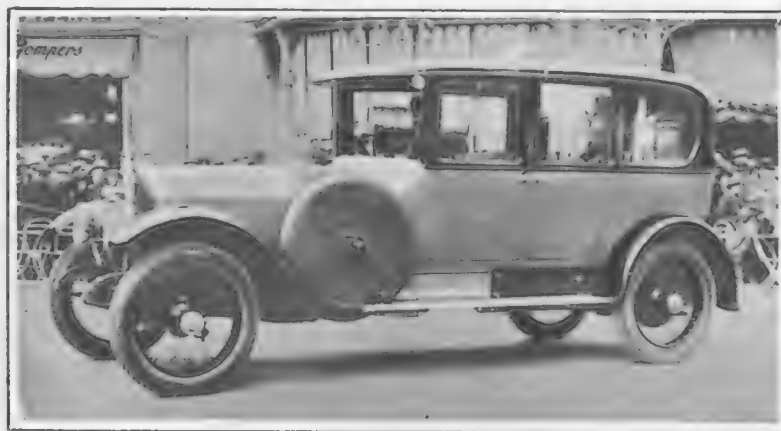
Swift and Stately.

That speeds are increasing to a wonderful extent, together with road-worthiness, is being demonstrated daily on the King's highway. Even the luxurious limousine carriage seems to have caught the progressive fever, and humps along at wonderful rates. Mr. Percy Northey gave me an exhibition of what the latest model from the Rolls-Royce factory can do this week. It reminded me of Life at Olympus—"Stately and tall he moves"—for this new Rolls-Royce was most stately in its steadiness, and it moved—well, I am almost afraid to say the exact seventy to eighty mark it sped along, for fear the authorities will be asking for the driver's license. Yet it was a perfectly safe performance on a clear road, and the brakes pull this car up in a trice. I do not suggest for a moment that very high speeds on ordinary roads are wise or possible; but it is pleasant, when one has a long journey to make in a

day, to be able to shorten it very considerably when roads such as across Stonehenge will permit one to let all out. What worries me, as a bit of a charioteer, is when very fast cars get into the hands of the motoring mugwump. These are the folk whose judgment is not equal to the power of the car they drive, and a holy terror they are to others. Only a few days ago I and the *memsahib* were ambling along in our bus well over on our side of the road, yet if I had not pulled right up, a mugwump on a fast machine would have smashed us all up, as he would pass another car also coming towards us, and there was not room if I had held my course, as I had every right to do. I stopped; he swerved round the other car, whose driver naturally must have wondered at first what I wanted to pull up for. But he knew then, and the "person educated beyond his intellect," as Horace Porter defined a mugwump, careered off. Yes, that is just what he will do some day—career off this earth in a mighty smash, and he will deserve his fate.

Care of Tyres.

The ills that tyres are heir to are accurately pictured and described in a recent booklet issued from Fort Dunlop, where the Dunlop tyres come from. It is a curative little pamphlet, as it gives the why and wherefore such things happen, so is really useful. According to it, fully ninety per cent of cases of premature tyre failure are attributable in some degree to inadequate inflation. Therefore, take the tip and see that your car's tyres are well pumped up to carry the load. An extremely hot tyre is generally evidence of too little air-pressure, which is a gadget worth remembering—that is to say, if you ever do take the trouble to put your hand on your tyres after a bit of a run, to see if they are over-warm. And this applies equally in summer or winter, as atmospheric conditions are best disregarded, since their effect is negligible. Still, the way



THE CAR WHICH WON THE FIRST PRIZE AT THE GRAND CONCOURS D'ÉLÉGANCE AT MONTE CARLO: MR. PERCIVAL'S 40-50-H.P. NAPIER.

The 40-50-h.p. Napier was much in evidence this year in the South of France. In this area, where high speed is general, and the roads far from good, the reliability and quick acceleration of this car are much appreciated. Our photograph shows Mr. Percival's prize-winning 40-50-h.p. Napier, fitted with a saloon body. The prize was awarded for its beautiful appearance, luxurious body, convenient seating accommodation, cleanliness of design of body, silence, and smooth running.

cars are driven, with sudden locking of the rear wheels grinding off a portion of the tread, also is cause of tyre loss of life. So do not brake too suddenly and hastily, or let the clutch in with a bang, if you want to get economical wear of the wheel covers.



BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY



The great and always increasing demand for

“BLACK & WHITE”

both at Home and Abroad, is due to its consistent high standard of quality. A Blend of fine quality Whisky can only be maintained through the holding of adequate stocks of old matured Scotch Malt Whiskies! The largest stocks of these Whiskies are held by Messrs. James Buchanan & Co. Ltd. and Associated Companies.



The June Bride.

The wedding gown is much more than a dress, it is a symbol; and there is not a woman worthy of the name who does not choose her bridal robe with infinite care and thought.

Simplicity of line and material should be the first elements in a wedding dress. What could be more charming than a straight gown of mousseline-de-soie held at the waist by a wide Tudor belt twisted round with orange-buds—the transparent angel sleeves hemmed with orange-flowers, and the whole dress softened by a tulle veil on which the traditional blossoms are sewn in tiny bunches? A white crêpe-de-Chine corsage over a full skirt of cobweb lace is also delightful. This is ornamented at the waist with a thick ruche of white roses and lilies, while the elbow sleeves consist of white net on which these flowers are closely sewn. White taffetas makes a beautiful wedding gown; this should be puffed and draped to show to advantage the gleaming sheen of the material.

What could be more suitable than shells to decorate this charming brown taffetas bathing dress? The cap and shoes are made to match. Sketched at Debenham and Freebody's.

Some brides prefer a touch of colour in the wedding gown. Shell-pink or lotus-blue are usually chosen, but it is whispered that primrose-yellow is also to be a favourite. White silk voile over pink satin beauté is a vision of delight. This is finished at the uneven hem with little bunches of pink forget-me-nots; and long trails of these tiny flowers are draped between the folds of the corsage. The white tulle frock is exquisite over pink or white satin. The skirt is usually full, and needle-run in silver thread in a large floral design, it is charming. Tulle may also be bound with silver tissue. A straight gown of white silk crêpe is finished at the side with flat silver flowers having blue velvet hearts. Blue forget-me-nots and strands of silver ribbon appear in the old-fashioned bouquet which accompanies this dress. The latest novelty in wedding-rings—which, of course, comes from Paris—is a narrow circle of diamonds set in platinum.

"The Old Order Changeth—"

The great attraction of the bridal veil is its vaporous, ethereal transparency. The bride who is not fortunate enough to possess a real lace veil need never despair, for tulle and net have a mysterious loveliness peculiarly their own. A beautiful veil is made of

Ethereal Bridal Veils.

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WOMAN'S WAYS By MABEL HOWARD

several lengths of tulle, the back being longer than the front, and the whole worked at the edge with silver thread. A single white rose here and there weighs down the misty veil, which falls from under a little helmet-like cap of orange-flowers. A wide border of silk daisies on a net veil is very attractive. This is drawn over the head in mob-cap fashion—the veil hanging just below the eyes—and finished with two large daisies on either side. For the very young girl, who wishes to dispense with a train, there is nothing more becoming than the voluminous tulle veil ornamented with two rows of tiny ruchings, and worn with a lace Dutch bonnet.

Bridesmaids in Yellow and Mauve.

Mauve and yellow, or both these colours combined, are very fashionable for bridesmaids' dresses. The mediæval style undoubtedly predominates, and this allows very lovely girdles, which are no longer worn low on the hips, but loosely round the waist. Mauve silk voile frocks, over yellow georgette, are ornamented with belts of violets and seed-pearl flowers. A straight dress of pale-yellow crêpe marocain is finished at the waist with thick ropes of twisted green velvet, which are caught together in front with a silver-and-pearl flower, then fall to the hem of the frock, ending in silver buds. If bridesmaids do not wear head-dresses of lace, flowers, or beads, the large transparent hat is necessary. Some of these are made of georgette matching the dress in colour, and their sole trimming is a few velvet leaves appliquéd on with seed-pearls or silver threads.

For the Very Tiny Tots.

No wedding is quite complete without one or two wee men or maidens to accompany the bride. If the small boys do not wear the traditional sailor suit, they look very picturesque in white satin breeches and shirt, over which a coloured velvet panel hangs back and front. This panel is a straight piece of velvet which slips on over the head; it can be edged with embroidery or swans-down, and is held under the arms with tiny straps. Organdie is always charming for little girls, specially when the frock is made entirely of small frills on to which single forget-me-not flowers are sewn. Straw bonnets lined with frills are delightful; and the wee maiden may also carry a crook to which her little posy is attached with silver ribbons.

Something New in Bathing-Dresses.

Is it possible to find anything new in bathing-dresses? Yes—that is to say, if you go to Debenham, and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. There you will see the most fascinating costumes,

Mauve and white rubber are used for the butterfly cap, while the spotted handkerchief is of silk macintosh. Sketched at Debenham and Freebody's.

ornamented with the prettiest little brown shells and pearl shells, which make you long for the blue sea. What could be more delightful than the brown taffetas bathing-dress sketched here? The tunic is decorated with shells, while the novel trousers fit closely from below the knee to the ankle, and tuck into the shoes. Black-and-cherry-coloured taffetas makes the other frock. The knickers are wide, and the slip-on tunic which does not impede the movements will charm the swimmer. Rubber caps in the brightest of colours are trimmed with rosettes and bows and straps of every description. Those who prefer the handkerchief cap will find large squares of silk rubber, spotted or plain, which can be tied over the head in pirate style, and are always so becoming. Black-and-white always looks well in the water, so another charming black taffetas costume is finished at the sides of the



This cherry-and-black taffetas costume is ideal for the swimmer, and the rubber caps are made in the brightest or most delicate shades. Sketched at Debenham and Freebody's.

knickers with white silk fins. The cross-over bodice—forming a little coat—is piped with white, and ornamented with pearl shells.

[Continued overleaf.]



Photo. Elwin Neame.

An all-British Creation designed and executed by Gobel of Maddox Street, Regent Street, London, W.1, and Harrogate.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

The Charm of Silk Jumpers. Artificial silk jumpers, and coats of the most exquisite pastel shades, will be worn with white skirts as summer approaches. Walpole, 89, New Bond Street, is responsible



She is wearing a jumper of sea-green silk which comes from Walpole's, New Bond Street.

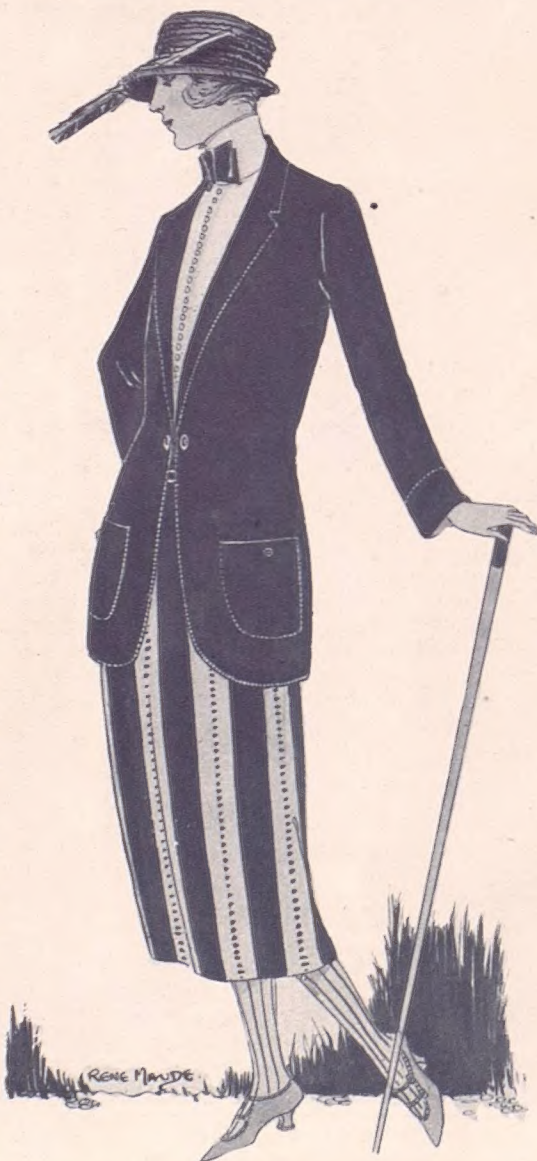
for the two jumpers sketched on this page. They cannot fail to please the most fastidious tastes, for they can be obtained in all the faintest shades of salmon-pink, sea-green, etc., while the fancy knitting is really beautiful. The one to the left has a wide piece of ribbed knitting below the waist, and is priced at 65s. 9d. The other, which costs 5 guineas, is knitted in large diamonds; and the plain sash, which is knotted at the side, is quite new. Heavy lemon-silk jersey, with bands of white woven round the edge, makes a delightful "dinner jacket" coat. This has no buttons, and is most convenient for slipping on and off over a thin frock; the price is 65s. 9d.

The Summer Trousseau. At this time of the year all women long for new frocks and light costumes, and an illustrated catalogue is a great help when planning the summer trousseau. Harrods, Knightsbridge, will send their "Salut au Printemps" post free to all who apply. Fashions for everyone, kiddies included, will be found in this catalogue, and many delightful costumes and hats for girls. Long coats in the softest of blanket cloth, carried out in all the pastel colourings, are 45s. 9d. Knitted frocks, trimmed with strapings of artificial silk, are 35s. 6d.; while cotton frocks, blouses, and sports coats can be obtained at extremely moderate prices.

Coats to Note. The perfectly tailored suit is a woman's best friend. A stand-by in all weathers and seasons, it is never out of place—especially when it comes from Kenneth Durward's, Ulster House, Conduit Street. The one pictured here has the new loose coat, bound with

braid and linked at the waist. The striped skirt is of a contrasting colour. These plain coats and fancy skirts are great favourites, and can be made in many different materials. Kenneth Durward is using tweeds, plaids, and homespuns, as they are quite as suitable as the finer fabrics. Shetland homespun, checked in blue, black, and white, makes a delightful overcoat for the races. The very large collar can be worn buttoned up to the throat or open, and the coat is provided with a belt and buckle, which can be discarded if necessary. What could be more charming for country wear than a lemon, blue, and brown costume? The coat is of the Norfolk character; the skirt, which flaps right over the front, appears to be buttoned down one side, but is really quite open, to ensure perfect freedom of movement.

Art Needlework. It is good news to all lovers of needlework to know that the "Old Bleach" Linen Company have decided to hold competitions from time to time as a stimulus to embroidery. Their £1000 competition—the first of its kind since the war—has just closed, and has proved an immense success. Embroideresses throughout the world have recognised that "Old Bleach" linens are the most suitable for their artistic craft; and, judging from the thousands of pieces of wonderful embroidery sent in, it is clear evidence that wherever the British woman goes she takes her favourite linen—"Old Bleach"—with her. The competition just closed included sections for all types of needle-



Kenneth Durward has bound this perfectly tailored coat with silk braid. He has made the contrasting skirt of striped material which is so fashionable.

workers—adults, juniors, amateurs, and professionals. Three of the leading embroidery experts—Mrs. Rolleston, editress of the *Embroideress*; Miss Bradshaw, Principal of the Royal School of Needlework; and Miss



This jumper of shell-pink silk is knitted in a fascinating design; it comes from Walpole's, 89, New Bond Street.

Symmonds, editress of *Needlecraft*—acted as judges, and were greatly impressed by the beauty and skill of the work submitted.

Spring and Summer Fashions.

Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly Circus and Regent Street, have brought out a delightful catalogue picturing the latest spring and summer fashions. This will be sent post free to all who care to apply, and every woman will find it a great help in choosing hats and frocks for herself and the children. There are delightful all-wool jersey skirts in almost every colour for 9s. 6d. Macintosh capes, covering the whole frock, are only 15s. 9d. The summer dresses in Scotch zephyr, cotton foulard, and silk ratine are really charming, and can be obtained from 15s. 11d.

Beauty Culture. Beauty of face and figure combined with good health should be the aim of every woman. Not only does this bring happiness to herself, but she irradiates joy wherever she goes. Scientific exercises are the first steps towards beauty, and Mrs. Adair—so famous for her wonderful beauty culture—has shown us the miracles that the Ganesh Strapping Muscle treatment can work. No woman need lose the rounded contours of her face, nor the graceful lines of her figure, if she practises the celebrated Ganesh exercises and treatment. This treatment does not only improve the figure and work wonders with the complexion, but it goes further than that, and soothes the nerves, brightens the spirits, and makes the eyes strong and clear. Mrs. Adair, 92, New Bond Street, is always pleased to give information to all who write to her.